STC
7099

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class

Book

A MVSICALL BANQVET.

Furniſhed with varietie of delicious Ayres, Collected out of the beſt Authors in Engliſh, French, Spaniſh and Italian.

By *Robert Douland.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Thomas Adams.*
1610.

M1490
.D75 M8
Case

121991
'00

Acc 2225-482

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SYR ROBERT SYDNEY, KNIGHT: Lord Gouernour of Vliſsigen, and the Caſtle of Ramekins, Lord SYDNEY of Penſhurſt, Viſcount *Liſle*, and Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie.

RIGHT Honourable Lord: Since my beſt abilitie is not able in the leaſt manner to counteruaile that dutie J owe vnto your Lordſhip, for two great reſpects; the one in regard (your Lordſhip vndertaking for mee) J was made a member of the Church of Chriſt, and withall receiued from you my name: the other the loue that you beare to all excellency and good learning, (which ſeemeth hæreditarie aboue others to the Noble Familie of the *Sydneys*,) and eſpecially to this excellent Science of Muſicke, a skill from all antiquity entertayned with the moſt Noble & generous diſpoſitions. May it pleaſe your Honour therefore to accept theſe few, and my firſt labours, as a poore pledge of that zeale and dutie which J ſhall euer owe vnto your Honour, vntill time ſhall enable me to effect ſomething more worthy of your Lordſhips view, hauing no other thing ſaue theſe few ſheetes of Paper to preſent the ſame withall.

To your Honour

in all dutie moſt deuoted,

Robert Douland.

TO THE READER.

GENTLEMEN: Finding my ſelfe not deceiued in the hope I had of your kinde entertayning my collected Lute-leſſons which I lately ſet foorth, I am further encouraged to publiſh vnto your cenſures theſe AYRES, being collected and gathered out of the labours of the rareſt and moſt iudicious Maiſters of Muſick that either now are or haue lately liued in Chriſtendome, whereof ſome I haue purpoſely ſorted to the capacitie of young practioners, the reſt by degrees are of greater depth and skill, ſo that like a carefull Confectionary, as neere as might be I haue fitted my Banquet for all taſtes; if happily I ſhall be diſtaſted by any, let them know what is brought vnto them is dreſt after the Engliſh, French, Spaniſh and Italian manner: the aſſay is taken before, they ſhall not need to feare poyſoning. You Gentlemen and friends that come in good-will, and not as Promooters into a country Market, to call our viands into queſtion, whatſoeuer here is, much good may it doe you, I would it were better for you: for the reſt I wiſh their lips ſuch Lettuce as *Silenus* Aſſe, or their owne harts would deſire.

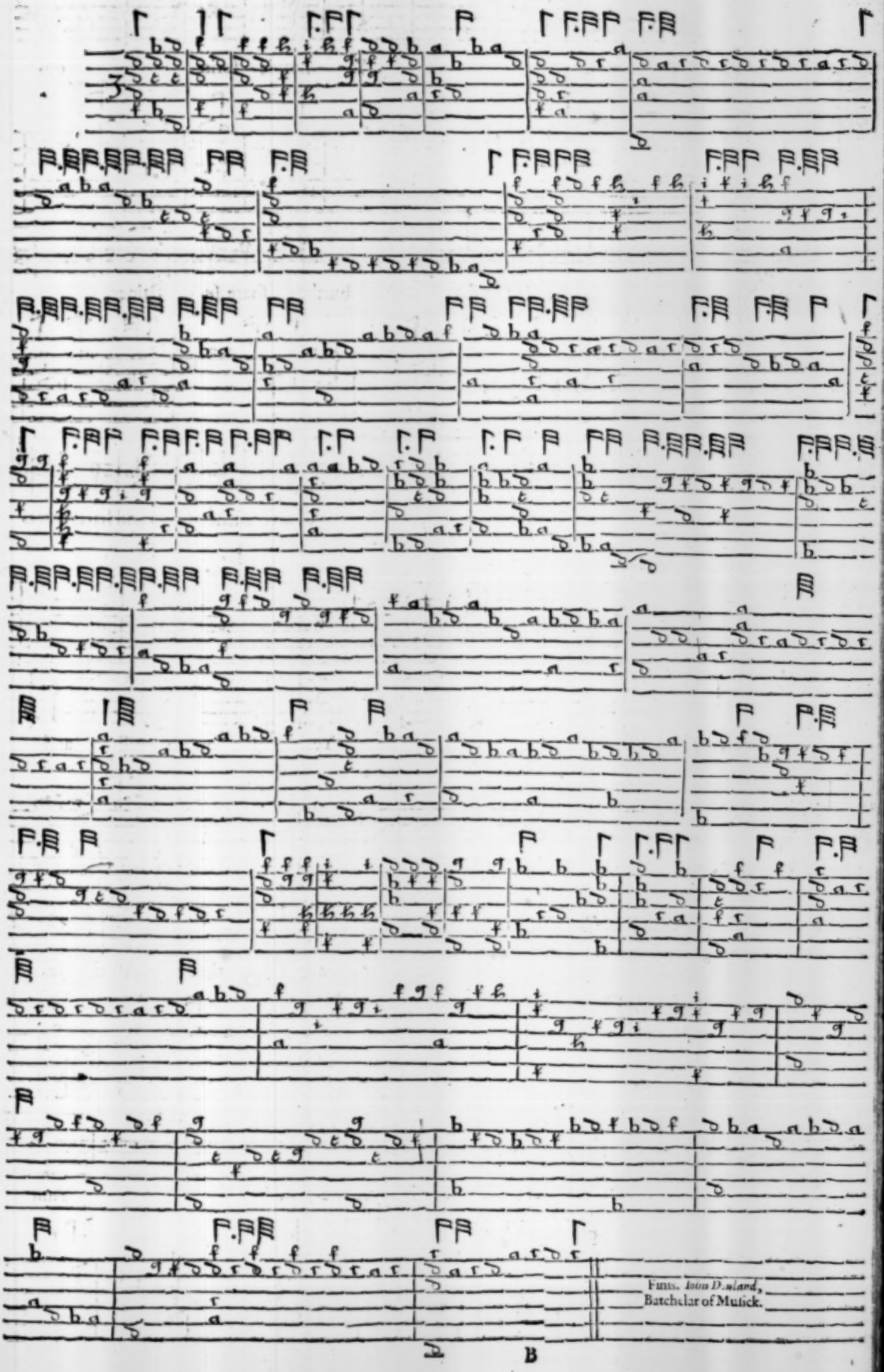
Thine, *Robert Douland.*

Ad Robertum Doulandum Ioannis filium de Muſico ſuo conuiuio.

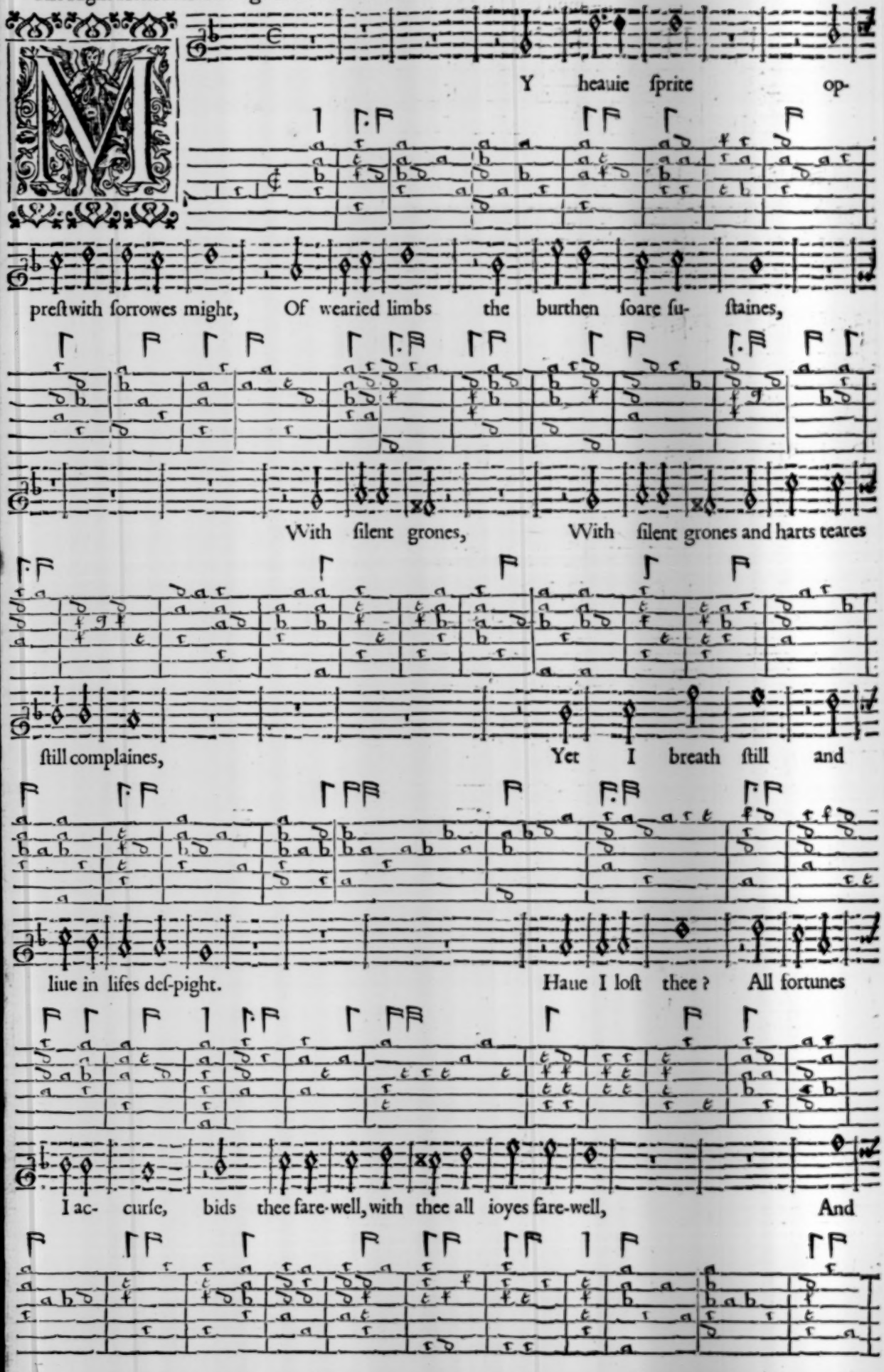
ERgonè diuini genitoris plectra reſumis,
Reddat vt attonitos iterum tua Muſa Britannos?
Vt nimia totum rapias dulcedine mundum,
DOVLANDI & reſonet nomen nemus omne, ſuperbam
Quà mundi dominam vaga TIBRIDIS alluit vnda;
Littora quà rutilis verrit Pactolus arenis,
Aut ſeſe immiſcet glaciali Viſtula ponto,
Vincere quem nequeat LINVS, nec Thracius ORPHEVS,
Credo equidem, vt noſtras demulceat Entheus aures.
Somnio Threicidum voces, & murmura cœli
Antiquoſq; modos, rediuiuaq; Dorica caſtra,
Illius vt vario cantillet gutture Muſa,
Macte animo ROBERTE tuo, chariq; parentis
Pergito candorem, moreſq; imitarier artes
Auſpiciiſq; bonis celebret te fama per orbem
Funera poſt Patris Phœnixq; renaſcitor alter.

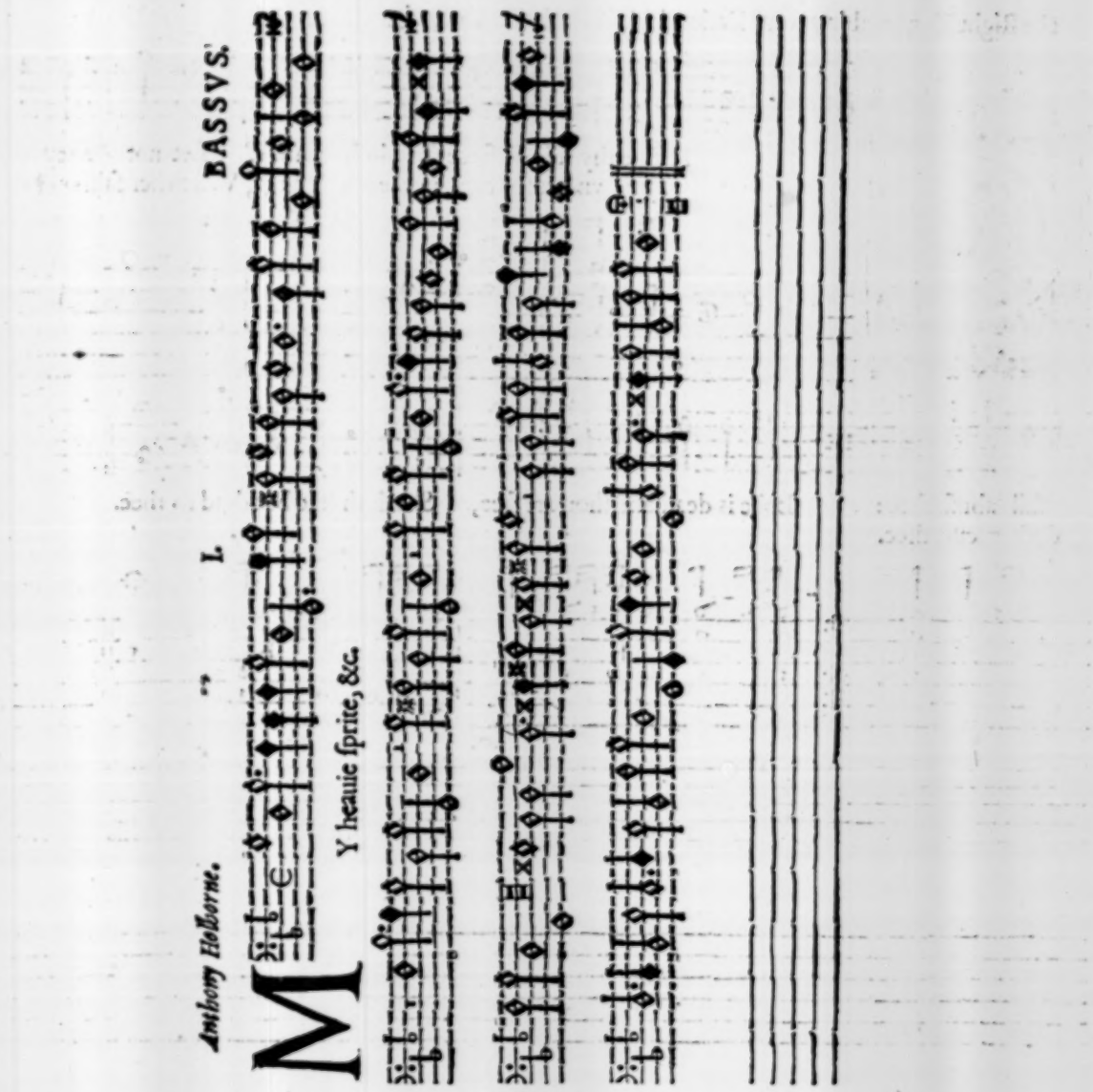
Henricus Peachamus.

The Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount *Liſle*, Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie, his Galliard.



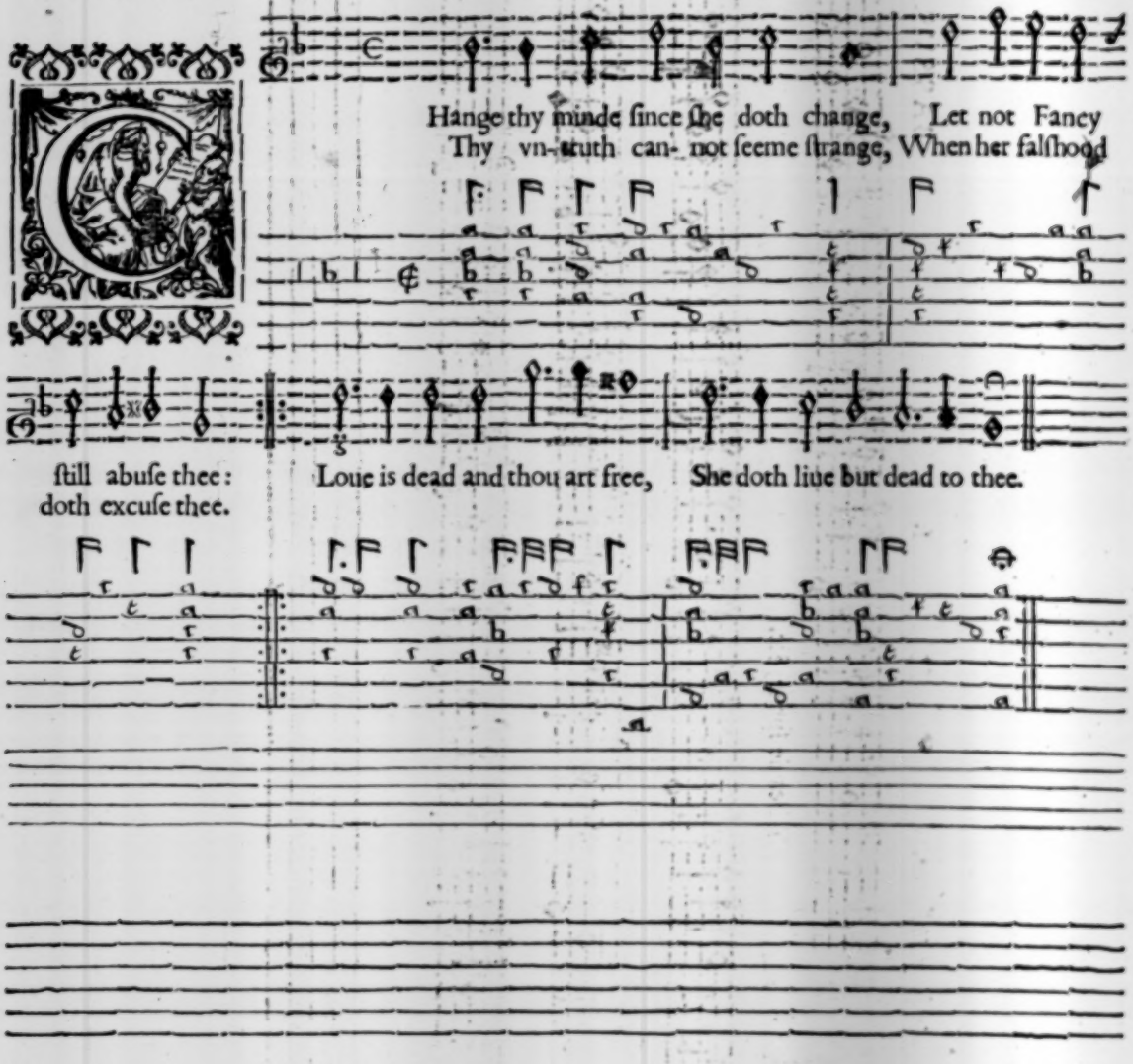
Finis. *Iohn Dulard*, Batchelar of Muſick.


Y heauie ſprite op-
preſt with ſorrowes might, Of wearied limbs the burthen ſoare ſu- ſtaines,
With ſilent grones, With ſilent grones and harts teares
ſtill complaines, Yet I breath ſtill and
liue in lifes deſ-pight. Haue I loſt thee? All fortunes
I ac- curſe, bids thee fare-well, with thee all ioyes fare-well, And



for thy ſake this world be-comes my hell.

And for thy ſake this world be- comes my hell.

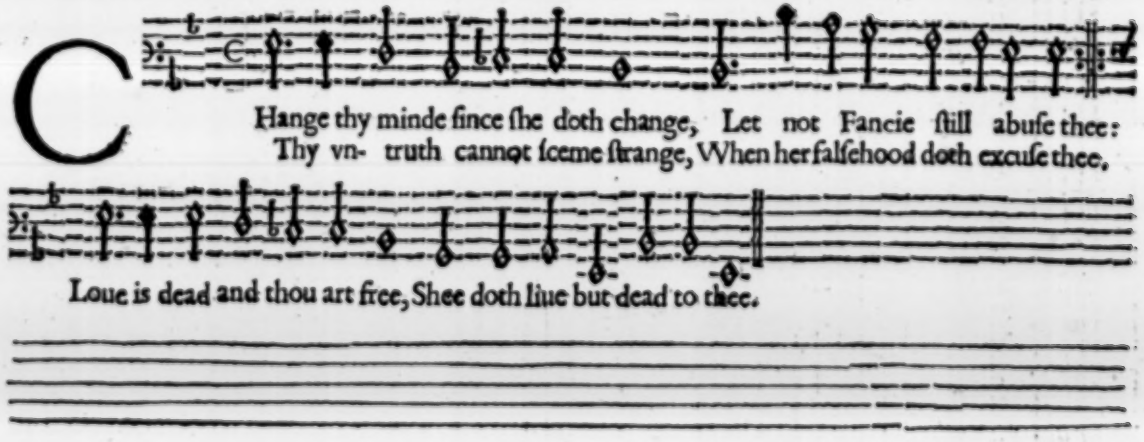


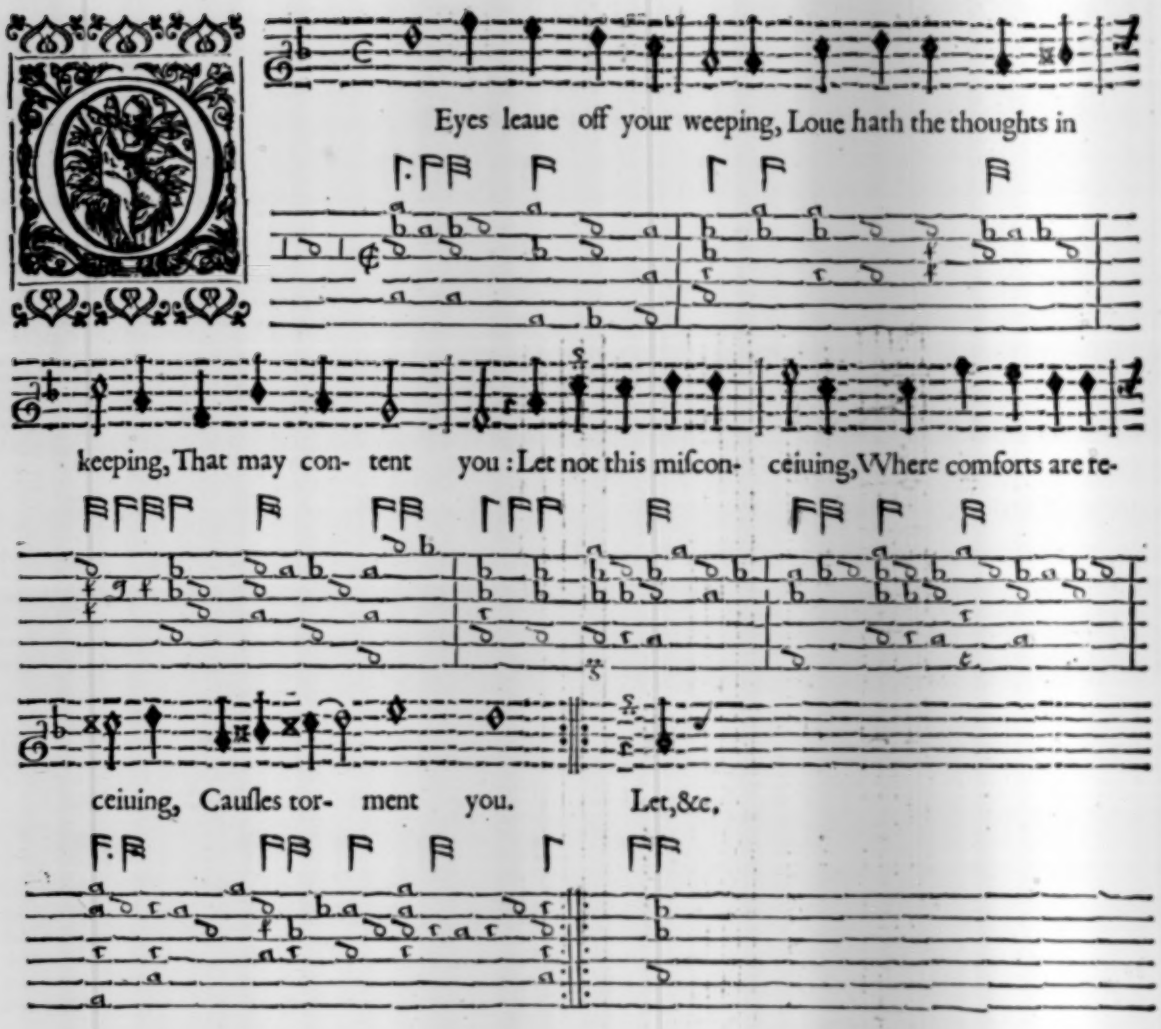
2 Whilſt ſhe lou'd thee beſt a while,
See how ſhe hath ſtill delaid thee:,
Vſing ſhewes for to beguile,
Thoſe vaine hopes that haue deceiu'd thee.
Now thou ſeeſt although too late,
Loue loues truth which women hate.

3 Loue no more ſince ſhe is gone,
Shee is gone and loues another:
Being once deceiu'd by one,
Leaue her loue but loue none other.
She was falſe bid her adew,
She was beſt but yet vntrue.

4 Loue farewell more deere to mee
Then my life which thou preſerueſt:
Life all ioyes are gone from thee,
Others haue what thou deſerueſt.
Oh my death doth ſpring from hence
I muſt dye for her offence.

5 Dye, but yet before thou dye
Make her know what ſhe hath gotten:
She in whom my hopes did lye,
Now is chang'd, I quite forgotten.
She is chang'd, but changed baſe,
Baſer in ſo vilde a place.


CHange thy minde ſince ſhe doth change, Let not Fancie ſtill abuſe thee:
Thy vn- truth cannot ſeeme ſtrange, When her falſehood doth excuſe thee.
Loue is dead and thou art free, Shee doth liue but dead to thee.

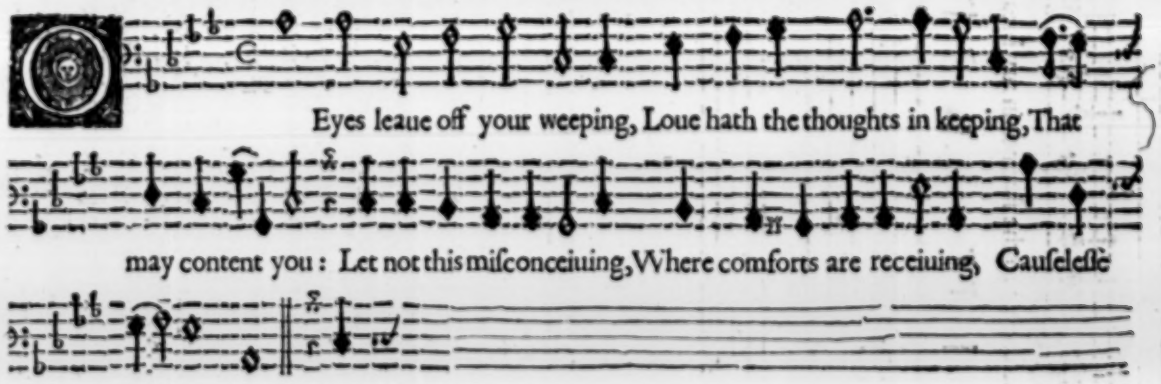


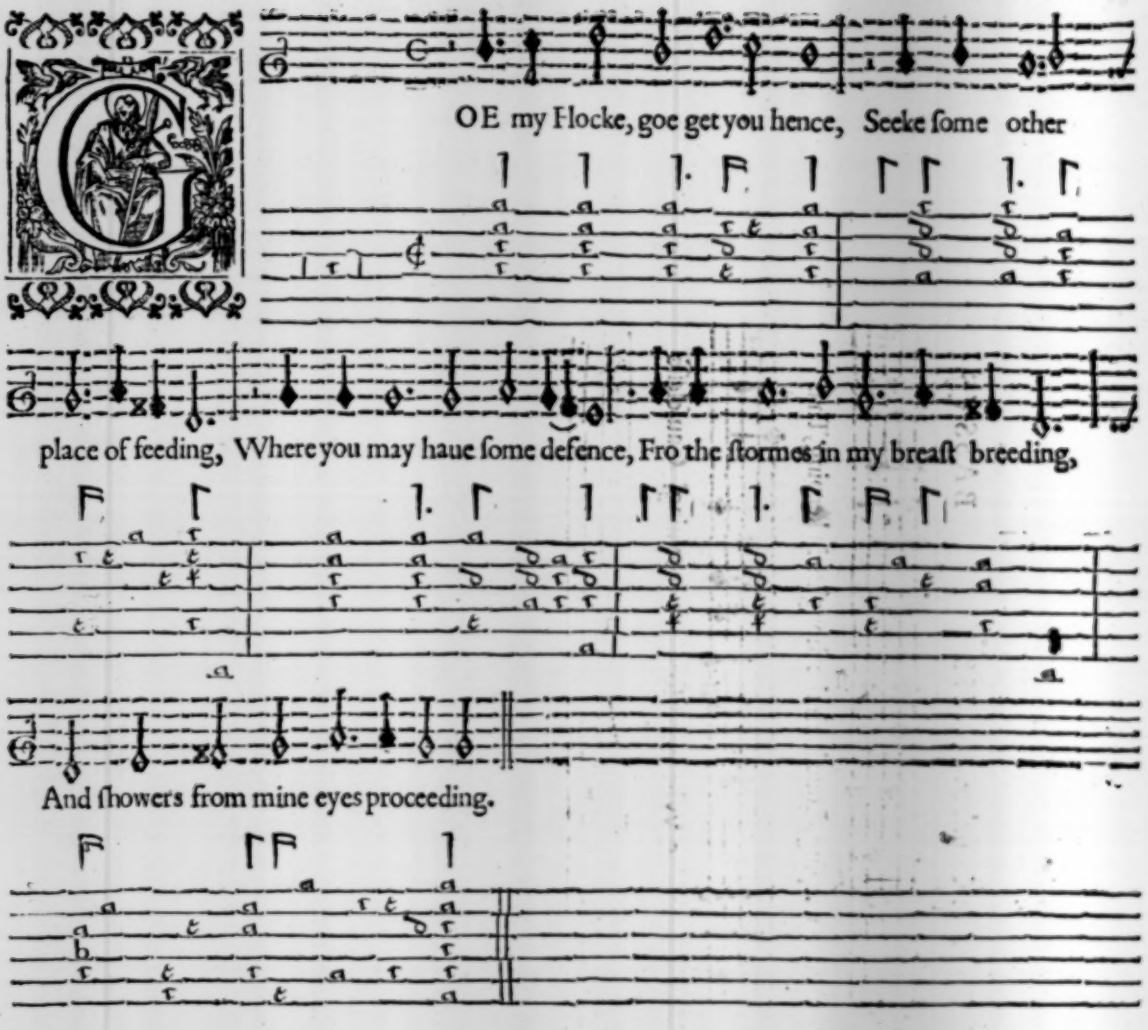
2 Cloudes threaten but a ſhower,
Hope hath his happy houre,
Though long in laſting.
Time needs muſt be attended,
Loue muſt not be offended
With too much haſting.

3 But O the painfull pleaſure,
Where Loue attends the leaſure
Of liues wretchedneſſe :
Where Hope is but illuſion,
And Feare is but confuſion
Of Loues happineſſe.

4 But happy Hope that ſeeth
How Hope and Hap agreeth.
Of life depriue me,
Or let me be aſſured,
When life hath death endured,
Loue will reuiue me.

Robert Hales, Groome of her Maieſties Priuie Chamber. III. BASSVS.





GOE my Flocke, goe get you hence, Seeke ſome other place of feeding, Where you may haue ſome defence, Fro the ſtormes in my breaſt breeding, And ſhowers from mine eyes proceeding.

2 Leaue a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keepe no meaſure.
Merry flocke ſuch one forgoe,
Vnto whom Myrth is diſpleaſure,
Onely rich in meaſures treaſure.

3 Yet alas before you goe
Heare your wofull Maiſters ſtory,
Which to ſtones I elſe would ſhew,
Sorrow onely then hath glory
When tis excellently ſorry.

4 *Stella*, fayreſt Shepherdeſſe,
Fayreſt but yet cruelſt euer.
Stella, whom the heau'ns ſtill bleſſe,
Though againſt me ſhe perſeuer,
Though I bliſſe inherit neuer.

5 *Stella*, hath refuſed mee:
Stella, who more Loue hath proued
In this Catiffe hart to be
Then can in good to vs be moued
Towards Lambe-kins beſt beloued.

6 *Stella* hath refuſed mee
Aſtrophel, that ſo well ſerued,
In this pleaſant ſpring (*Muſe*) ſee
While in pride Flowers be preſeru'd
Himſelfe onely Winter-ſtarued.

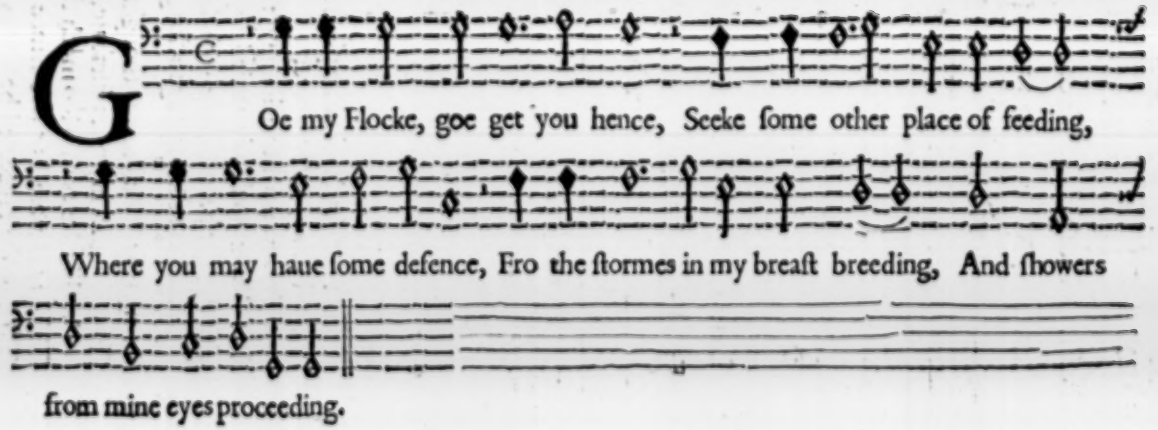
7 Why alas then doth ſhe ſweare
That ſhe loueth mee ſo deerely,
Seeing mee ſo long to beare
Coales of Loue that burne ſo cleerely,
And yet leaue me hopeleſſe meerely.

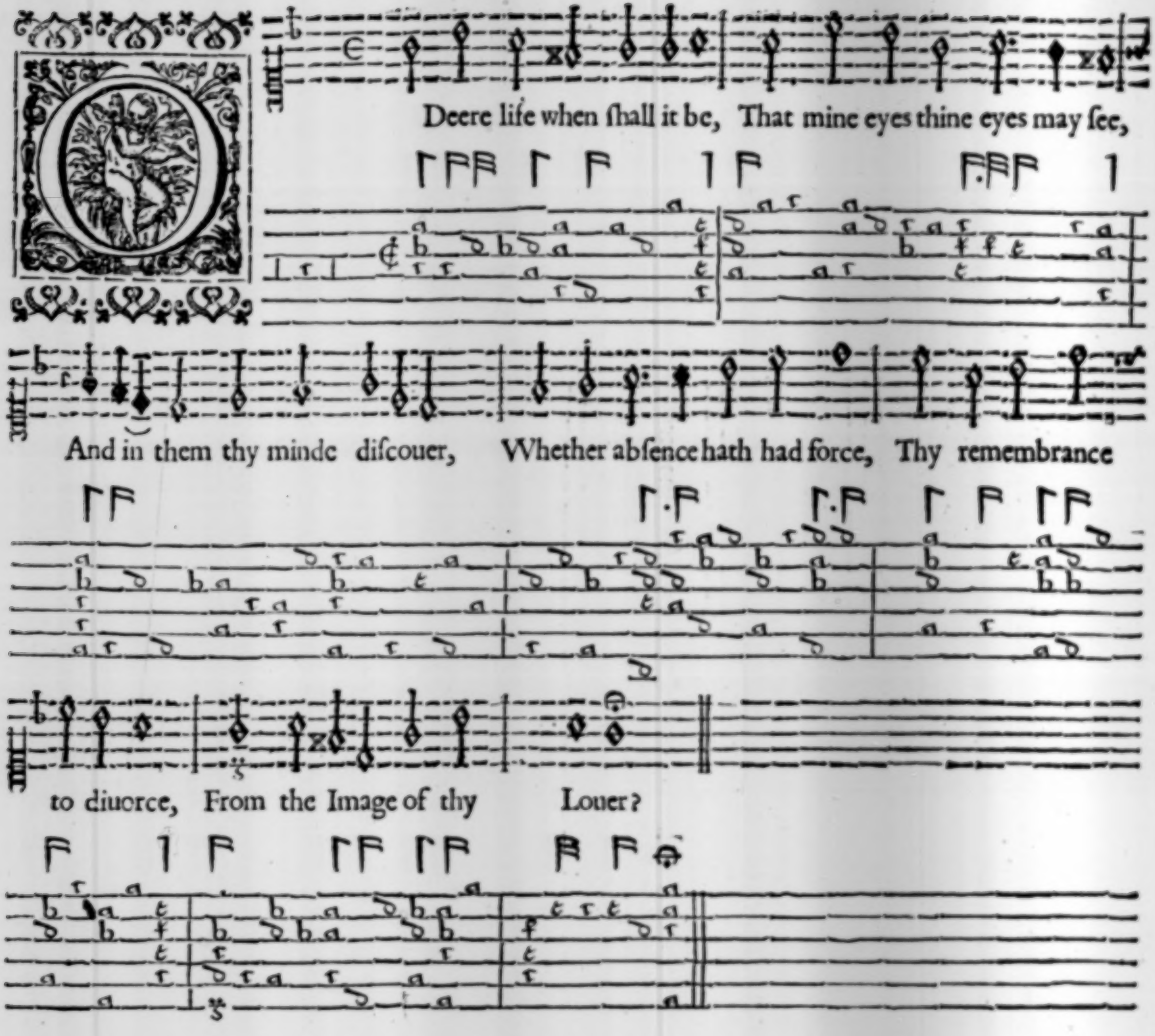
8 Is that Loue? forſooth I trow
If I ſaw my good Dogge grieued
And a help for him did know
My Loue ſhould not be belieued
But hee were by mee relieued.

9 No ſhe hates mee (*well away*)
Fayning Loue, ſomewhat to pleaſe mee,
Knowing, if ſhe ſhould diſplay
All her hate, Death ſoone would ſeize me,
And of hideous torments eaſe me.

10 Then my flocke now adew,
But alas, if in your ſtraying
Heauenly *Stella* meet with you,
Tell her in your pittious blaying,
Her poore ſlaues iuſt decaying.

D'incerto. IIII. BASSVS.





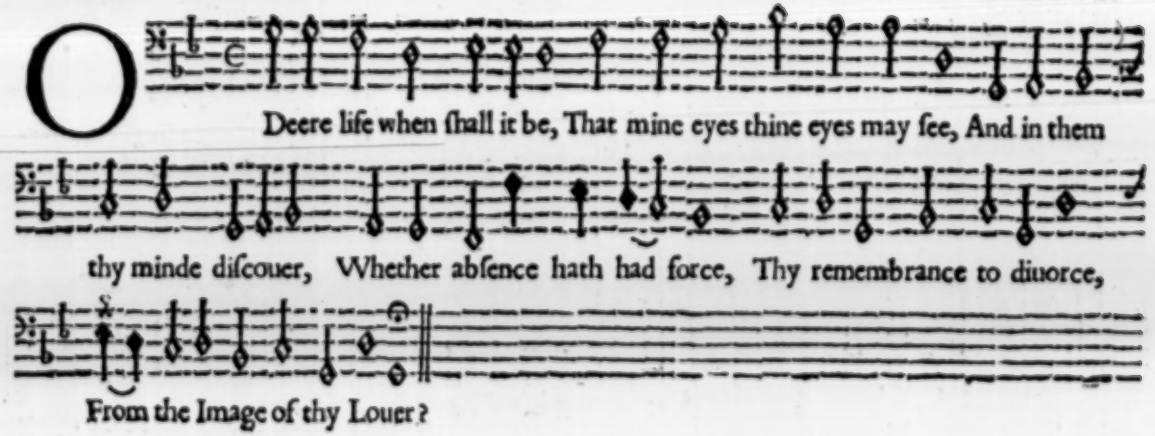
2 O if I my ſelfe finde not,
By thine abſence oft forgot,
Nor debarde from *Beauties* treaſure:
Let no Tongue aſpire to tell
In what high I ſhall dwell,
Onely Thought aymes at the pleaſure.

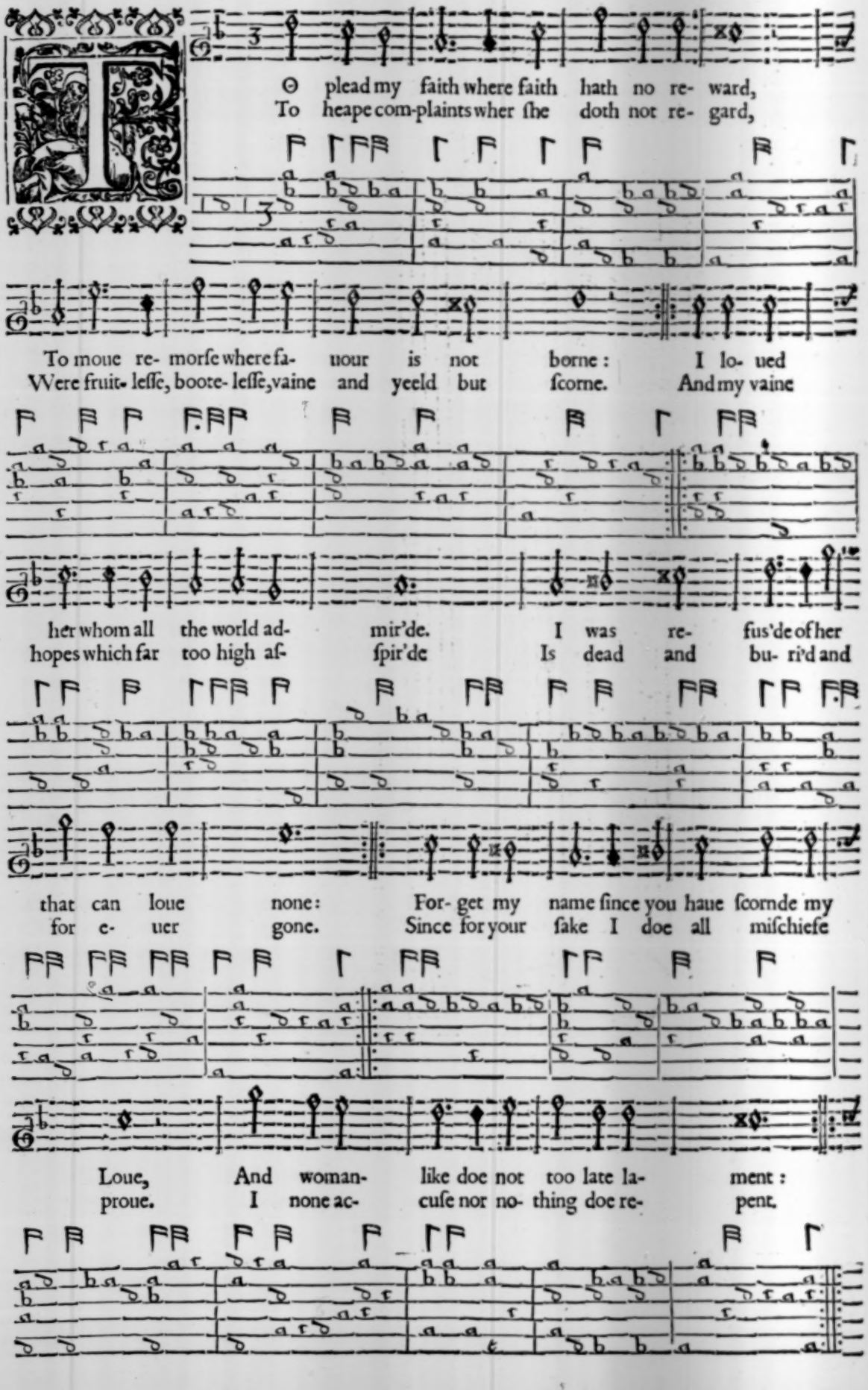
3 Thought therefore will I ſend thee,
To take vp the place for mee,
Long I will not after tarry:
There vnſeene thou mayſt be bolde
Thoſe fayre wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes doe carry.

4 Thought, ſee thou no place forbeare,
Enter brauely euery where,
Seize on all to her belonging:
But if thou wouldeſt guarded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee,
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

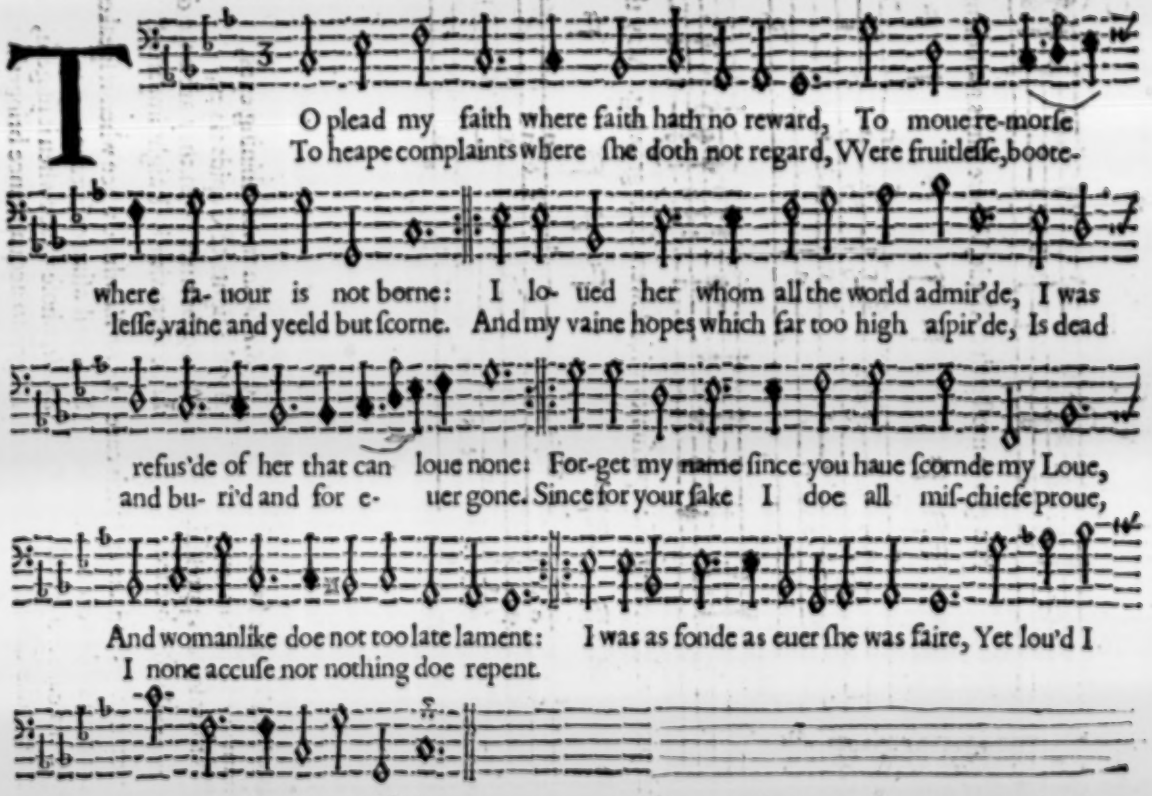
5 O my Thoughts, my thoughts, ſurceaſe,
Your delights my woes increaſe,
My life fleetes with too much thinking:
Thinke no more, but dye in mee
Till thou ſhalt receiued be
At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.

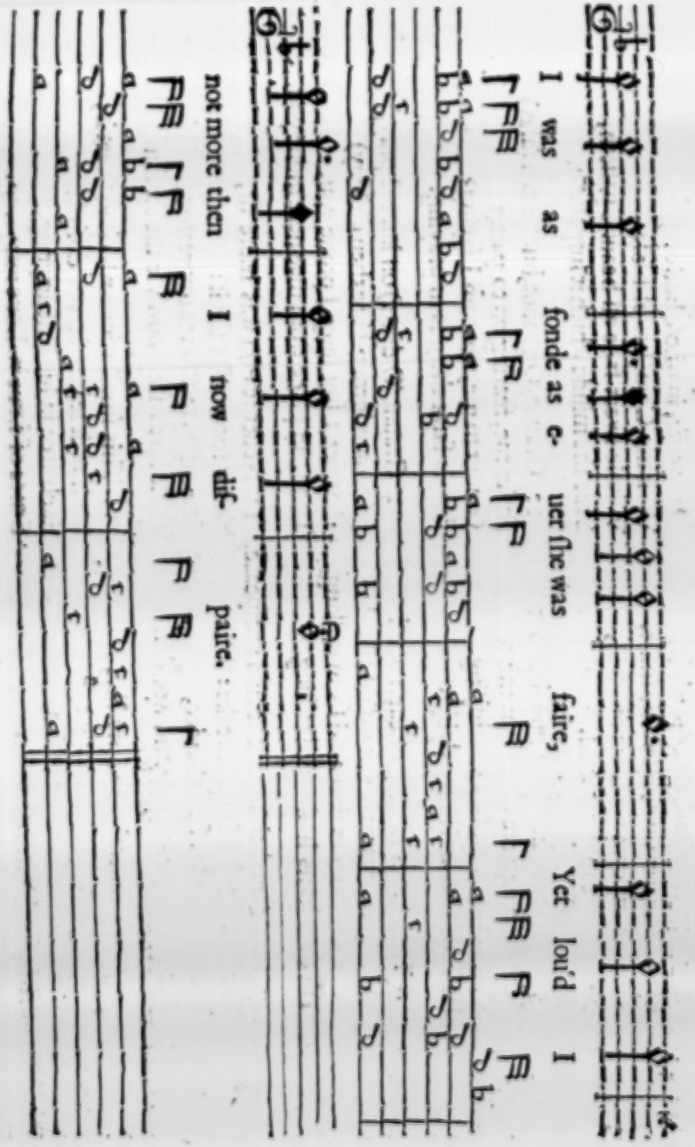
D'incerto. V. BASSVS.

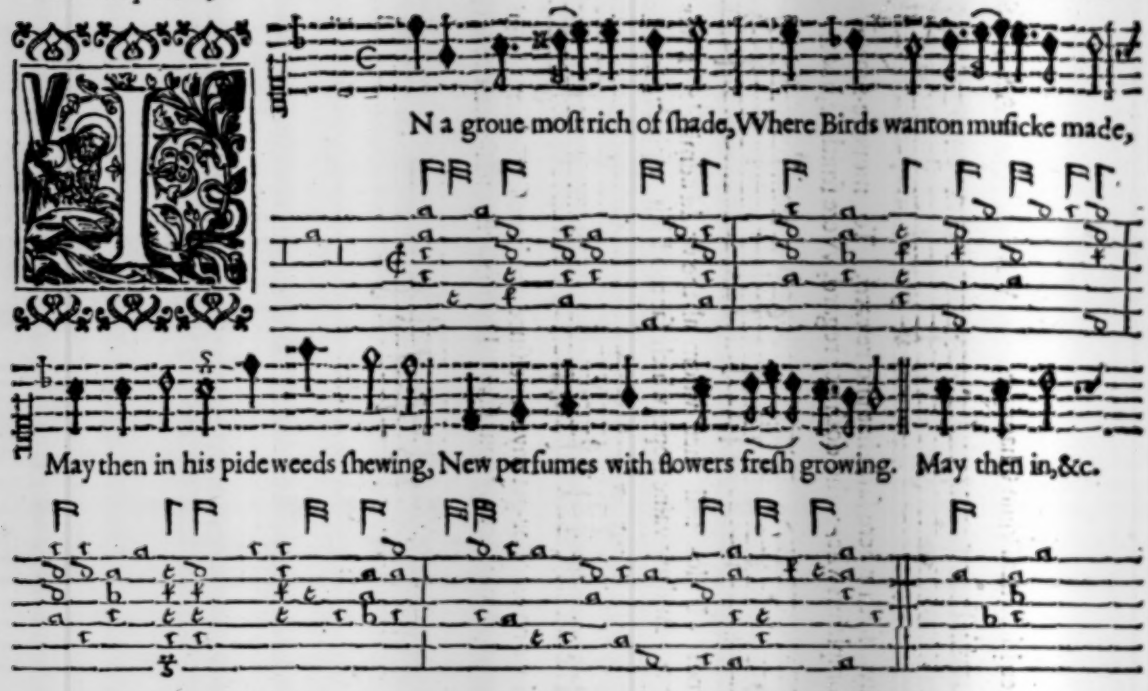



Θ plead my faith where faith hath no re- ward,
To heape com-plaints wher ſhe doth not re- gard,
To moue re- morſe where fa- uour is not borne : I lo- ued
Were fruit- leſſe, boote- leſſe, vaine and yeeld but ſcorne. And my vaine
her whom all the world ad- mir'de. I was re- fus'de of her
hopes which far too high aſ- ſpir'de Is dead and bu- ri'd and
that can loue none : For- get my name ſince you haue ſcornde my
for e- uer gone. Since for your ſake I doe all miſchiefe
Loue, And woman- like doe not too late la- ment :
proue. I none ac- cuſe nor no- thing doe re- pent.

M. *Daniell Batchelar*, Groome of her Maiesties Priuie Chamber. VI. BASSVS.







2 *Aſtrophell* with *Stella* ſweet
Did for mutuall comfort meet,
Both within themſelues oppreſſed,
But either in each other bleſſed.

3 Him great harmes had taught much care
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
But her ſight his care did baniſh,
In his ſight her yoke did vaniſh.

4 Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares themſelues did ſmile,
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Interchangeably, reiected.

5 Sigh'd they had: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad ſighs mixt,
With Armes croſt, yet teſtifying
Reſtleſſe reſt, and liuing dying.

6 Their eares hungry of each word
Which the deare tongue would afford:
But their tongues reſtrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues could not ſpeake,
Loue it ſelfe did ſilence breake:
Loue did ſee his lips aſunder,
Thus to ſpeake in Loue and wonder.

8 *Stella*, ſoueraigne of my Ioy,
Faire Triumphres in annoy:
Stella, ſtarre of heauenly fire,
Stella, load-ſtarre of deſire.

9 *Stella*, in whoſe ſhining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skyes,
Whoſe beames when they are once darted,
Loue therewith is ſtraight imparted.

10 *Stella*, whoſe voice when it ſpeakes,
Senſes all aſunder breake:
Stella, whoſe voyce when it ſingeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

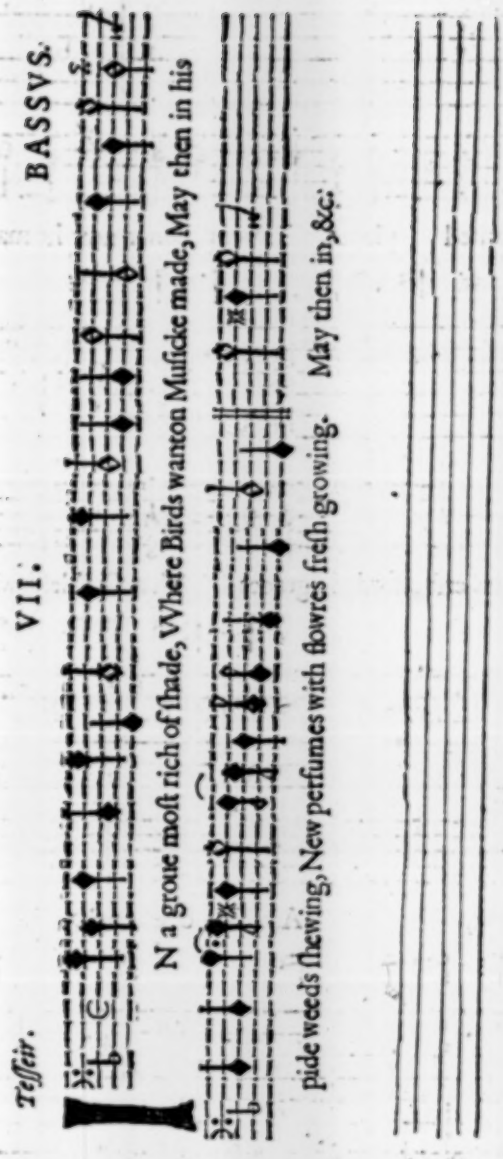
11 *Stella*, in whoſe body is,
Writ the Caracters of bliſſe:
Whoſe ſweet face all beautie paſſeth,
Saue the minde which it ſurpaſſeth.

12 Graunt, O graunt, but ſpeach (alas)
Failes me, fearing on to paſſe:
Graunt to me, what am I ſaying?
But no fault there is in praying.

13 Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground hee then did ſtay)
That not I but ſince I proue you,
Time and place from mee nere moue you.

14 Neuer ſeaſon was more fit,
Neuer roome apt for it:
Smiling ayre allowes my reaſon,
Theſe Birds ſing, now vſe the ſeaſon.

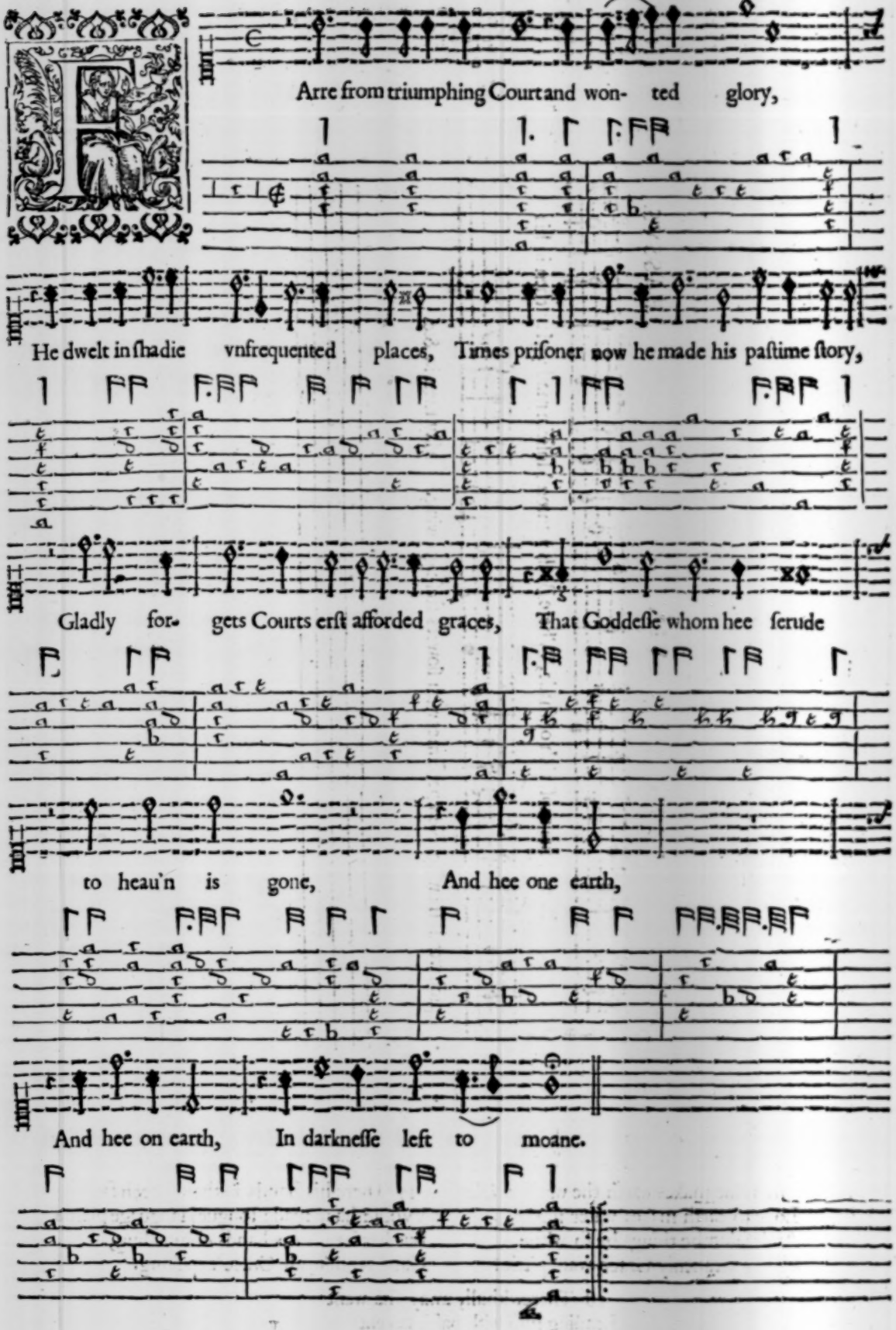
15 This ſmall winde which ſo ſweet is,
See how it leaues leaues doth kiſſe,
Each tree in his beſt attyring,
Sence of Loue to Loue inſpyring.

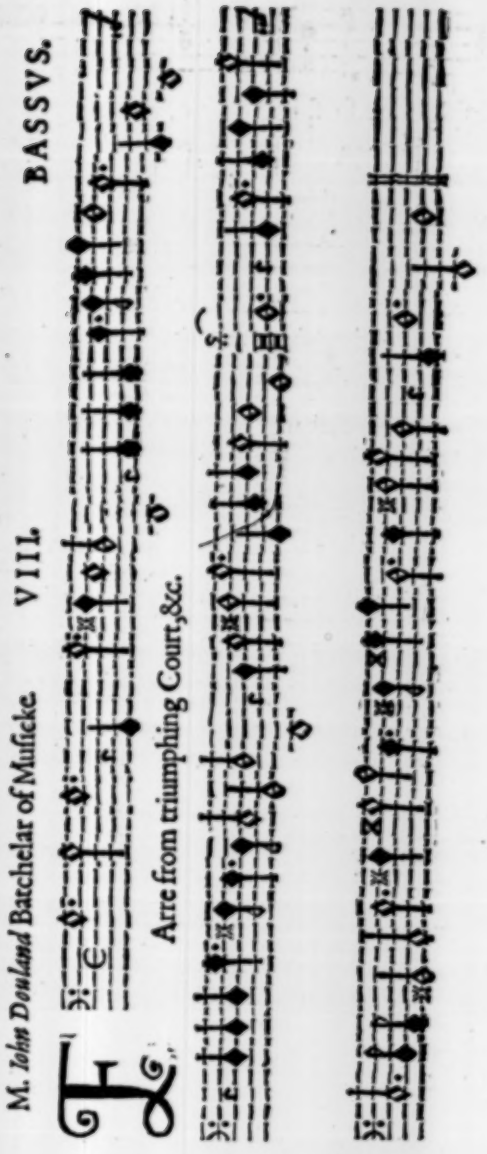


16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water fincke,
And if dumbe things be ſo wittie,
Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie?

17 There his hands in their ſpeech faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine
But her hands his hands compelling,
Gaue repulſe, all Grace expelling.

18 Therewithall, away ſhe went
Leauing him with paſsion rent
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That therewith my ſong is broken.

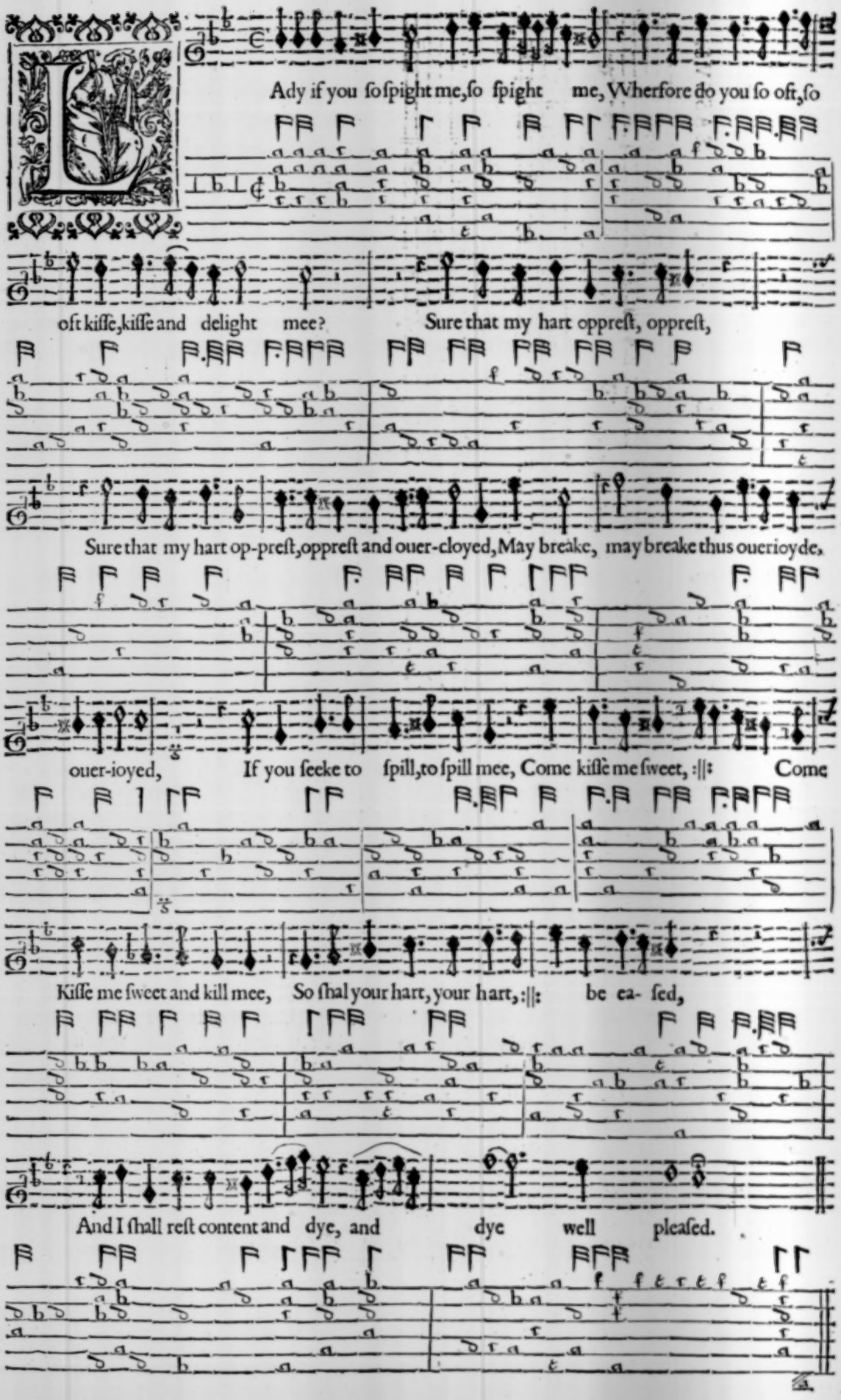

Arre from triumphing Court and won- ted glory,
He dwelt in ſhadie vnfrequented places, Times priſoner now he made his paſtime ſtory,
Gladly for- gets Courts erſt afforded graces, That Goddeſſe whom hee ſerude
to heau'n is gone, And hee one earth,
And hee on earth, In darkneſſe left to moane.

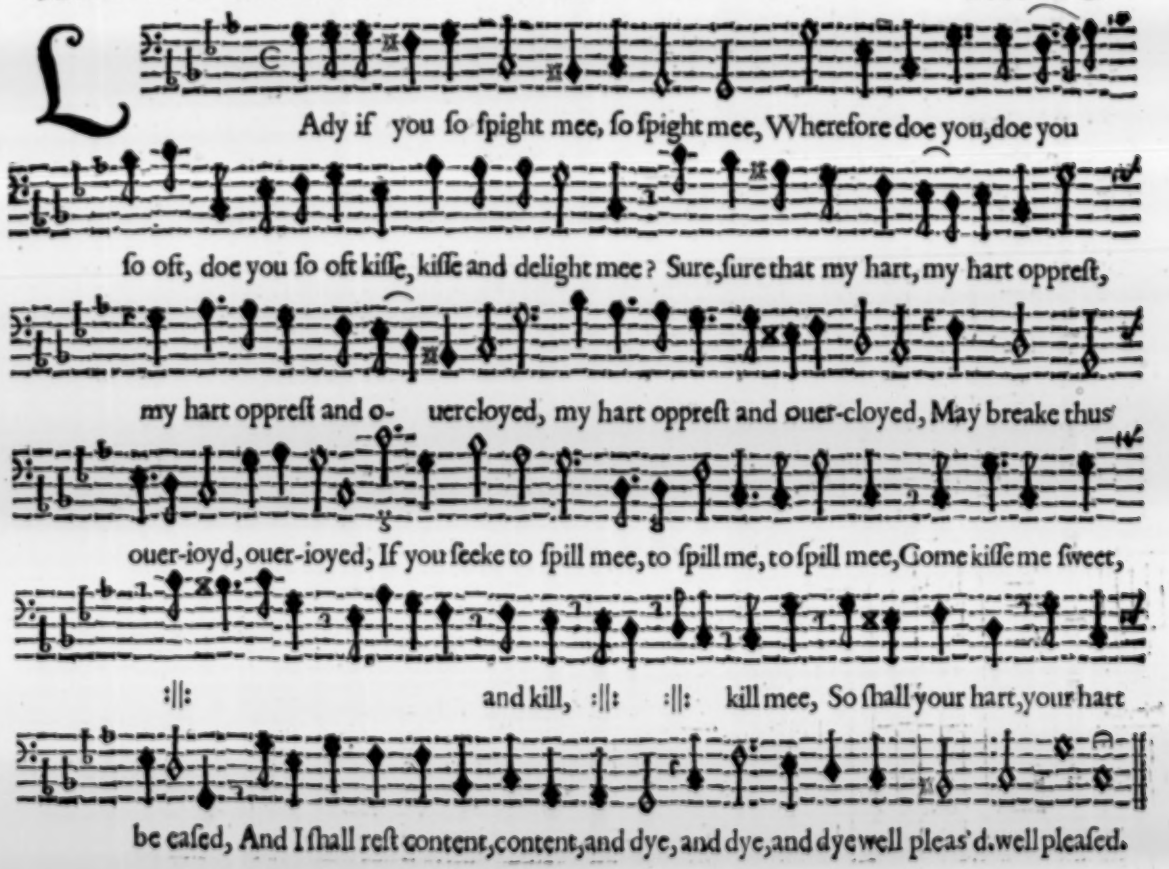


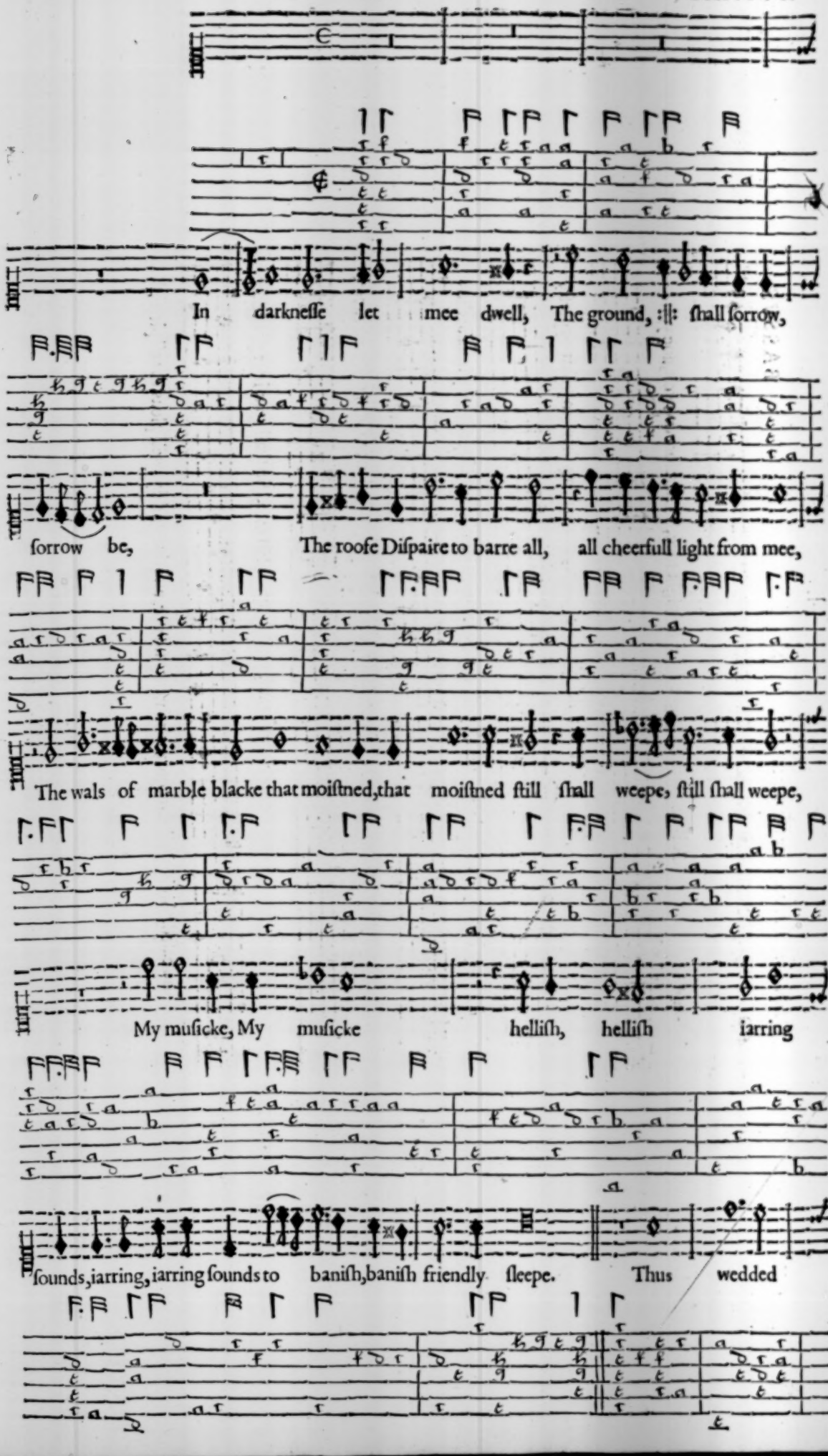
2 But loe a glorious light from his darke reſt
Shone from the place where erſt this Goddeſſe dwelt
A light whoſe beames the world with fruit hath bleſt
Bleſt was the Knight while hee that light beheld:
Since then a ſtarre fixed on his head hath ſhinde,
And a Saints Image in his hart is ſhrinde.

3 Rauiſht with ioy ſo grac't by ſuch a Saint,
He quite forgat his Cell and ſelfe denaid,
He thought it ſhame in thankfulneſſe to faint,
Debts due to Princes muſt be duely paid:
Nothing ſo hatefull to a noble minde,
As finding kindneſſe for to proue vnkinde.

4 But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame he ranged,
Hoping to ſerue this Saint in ſort moſt meete,
Tyme with his golden locks to ſiluer changed
Hath with age-fetters bound him hands and feete,
Aye mee, hee cryes, Goddeſſe my limbs grow faint,
Though I times priſoner be, be you my Saint.

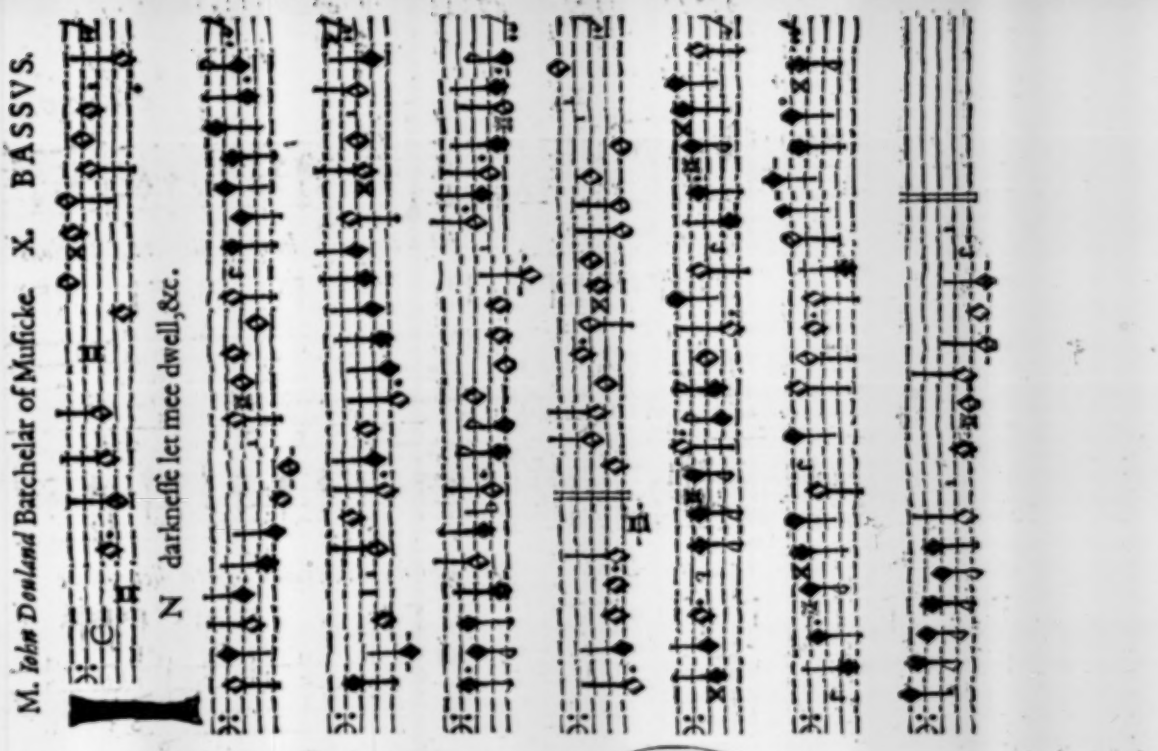

Lady if you so spight me, so spight me, Wherfore do you so oft, so
oft kisse, kisse and delight mee? Sure that my hart oppreſt, oppreſt,
Sure that my hart op-preſt, oppreſt and ouer-cloyed, May breake, may breake thus ouerioyde,
ouer-ioyed, If you seeke to spill, to spill mee, Come kisse me sweet, :||: Come
Kisse me sweet and kill mee, So shal your hart, your hart, :||: be ea- sed,
And I shall rest content and dye, and dye well pleased.


Lady if you ſo ſpight mee, ſo ſpight mee, Wherefore doe you, doe you
ſo oft, doe you ſo oft kiſſe, kiſſe and delight mee? Sure, ſure that my hart, my hart oppreſt,
my hart oppreſt and o- uercloyed, my hart oppreſt and ouer-cloyed, May breake thus
ouer-ioyd, ouer-ioyed, If you ſeeke to ſpill mee, to ſpill me, to ſpill mee, Come kiſſe me ſweet,
:||: and kill, :||: :||: kill mee, So ſhall your hart, your hart
be eaſed, And I ſhall reſt content, content, and dye, and dye, and dye well pleas'd. well pleaſed.


In darkneſſe let mee dwell, The ground, :||: ſhall ſorrow,
ſorrow be, The roofe Diſpaire to barre all, all cheerfull light from mee,
The wals of marble blacke that moiſtned, that moiſtned ſtill ſhall weepe, ſtill ſhall weepe,
My muſicke, My muſicke helliſh, helliſh iarring
ſounds, iarring, iarring ſounds to baniſh, baniſh friendly ſleepe. Thus wedded

M. *Iohn Dowland* Batchelar of Muſicke. X. BASSVS.

N darkneſſe let mee dwell, &c.

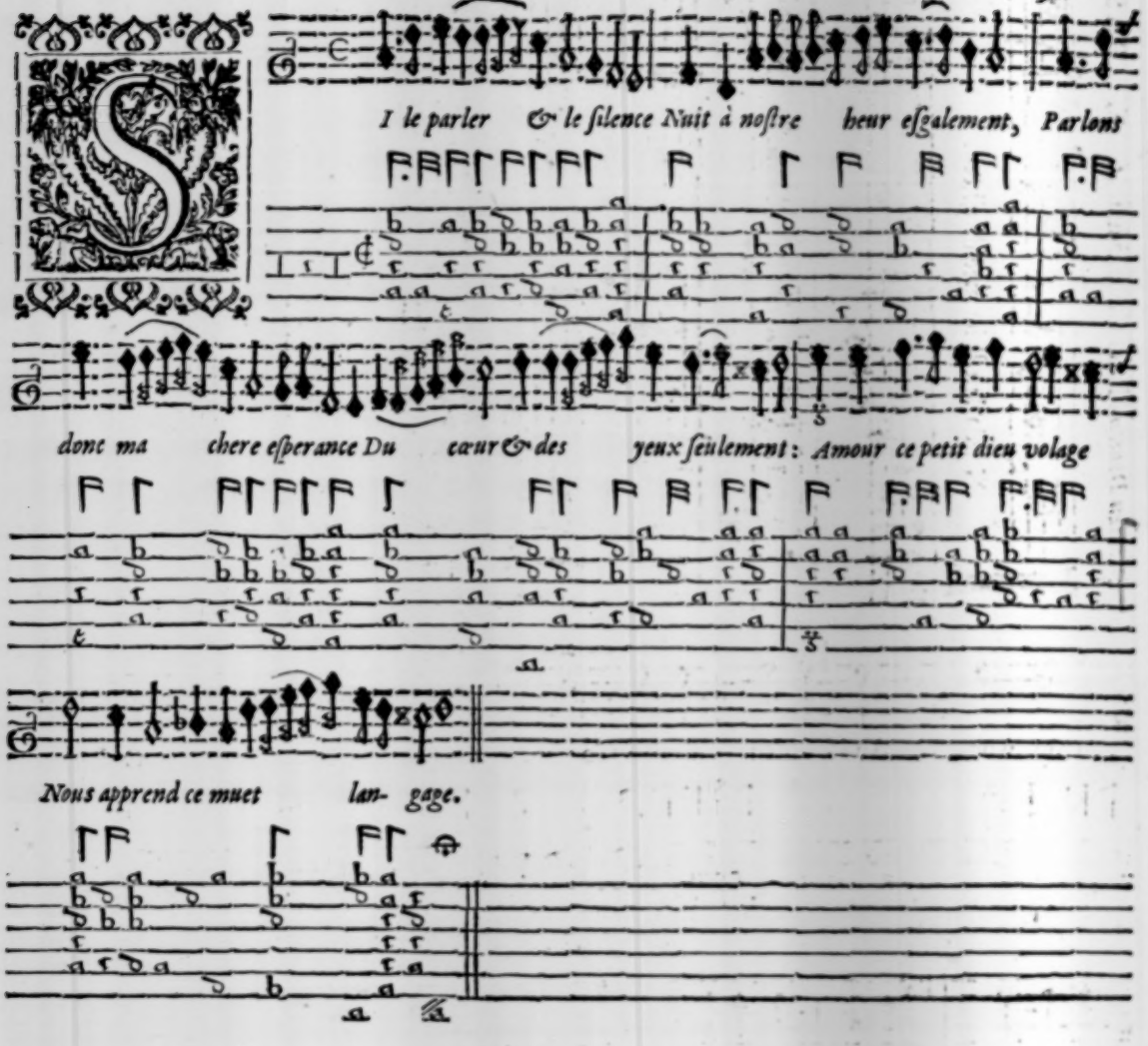


to my woes, And bedded to my Tombe, O Let me

liuing die, O let me liuing, let me liuing, liuing die, Till death, till death doe come,

:||: till death, till death doe come,

In darkneſſe let mee dwell.

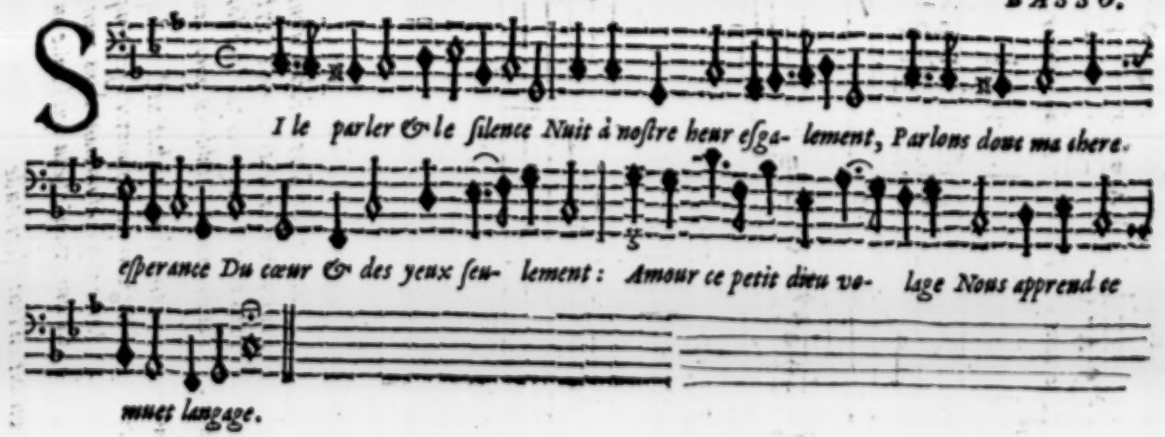


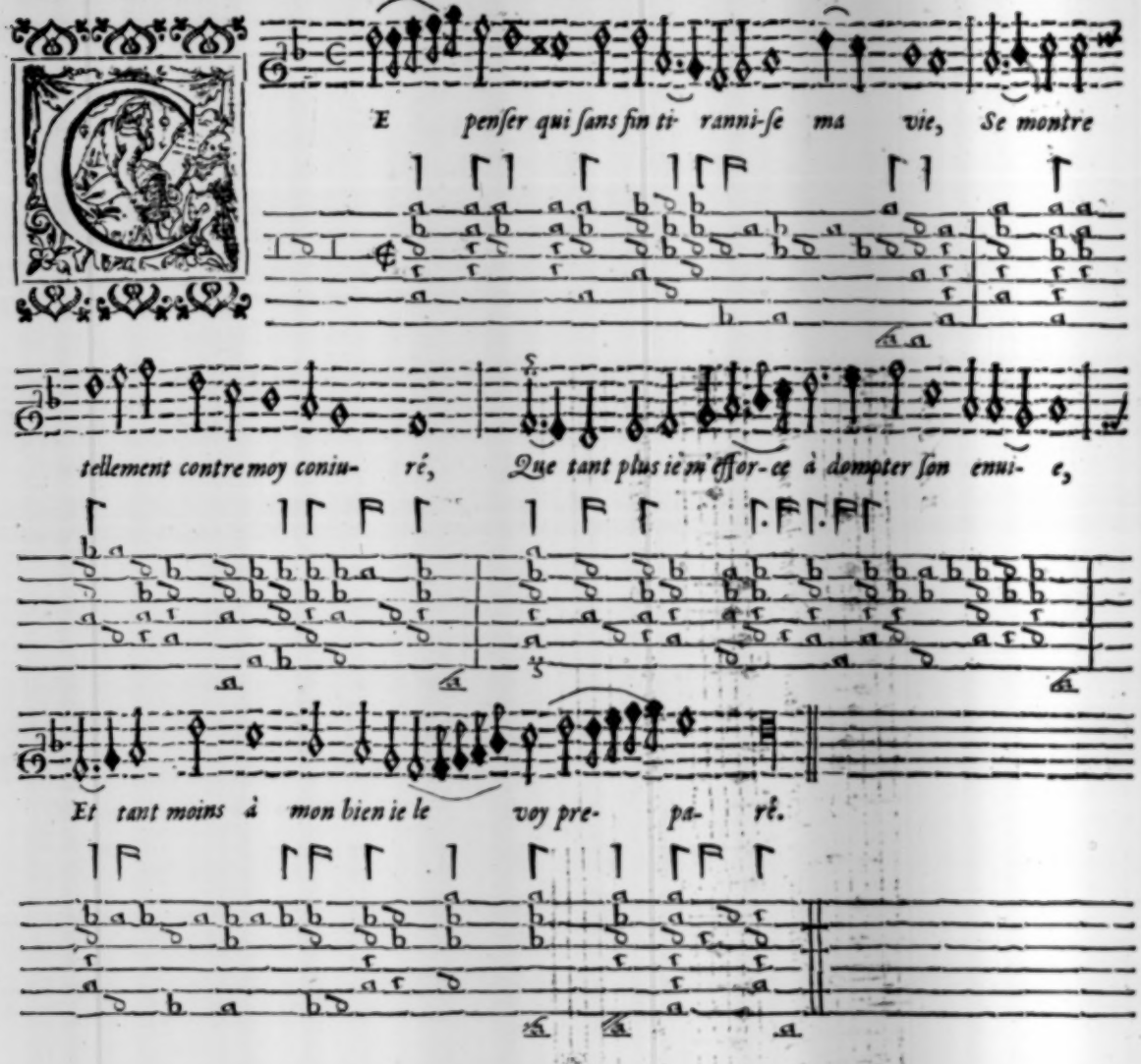
Que le regard vole & reuole
Messager des nos passions,
Et serue au lieu de la parole
Pour dire nos intentions.
Amour.

Mais si quelque ame est offencée
De nous voir discourir des yeux,
Nous parlerons de la pensée
Comme les Anges dans les cieux.
Amour.

Ainsi par vn doux artifice
Nous tromperons les courtisans,
Et nous rirons de la malice
De mile facheux mesdisans,
Qui n'en sauront pas d'auantage
Ignorant ce muet langage.

D'incerto. XI. BASSO.





I'ay quitté la beauté dont il a pris naiſſance,
Eſperant par l'oubly ſes charmes deceuoir
Mais ie trouue à la fin que la veuë & l'abſence
Sont tous deux differends, & d'vn meſme pouuoir.

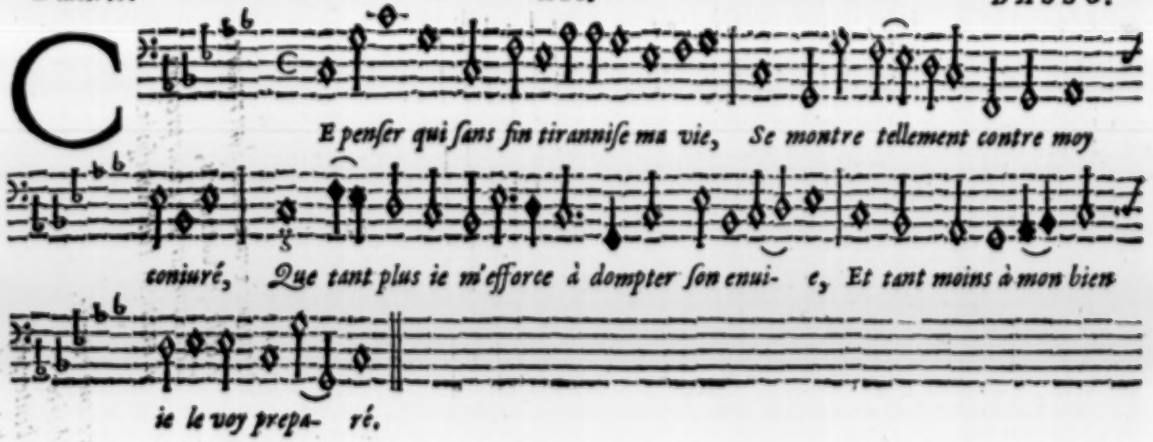
I'ay maintefois iuré du change faire eſpreuue
Pour faire qu'vn deſſein fuſt par l'autre deffait,
Mais à toutes les fois, auſſi toſt ie me treuue
Infidelle en parole, & fidelle en effect.

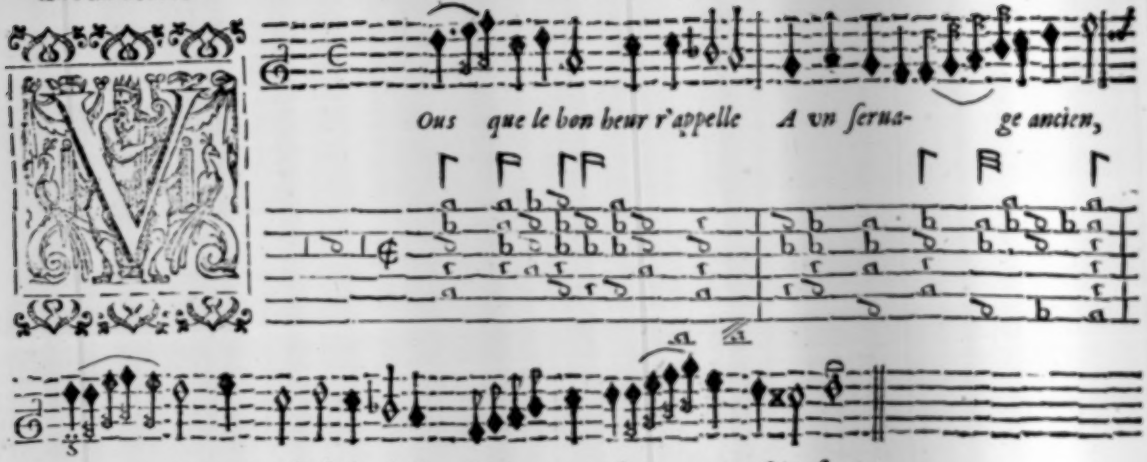
Pay des plus fiers dedains la puiſſance empruntée
Pour repouſſer le trait dont i'ay le cœur attaint,
Mais plus ie recognois par leur force domptée
Ma douleur veritable & mon remede feint.

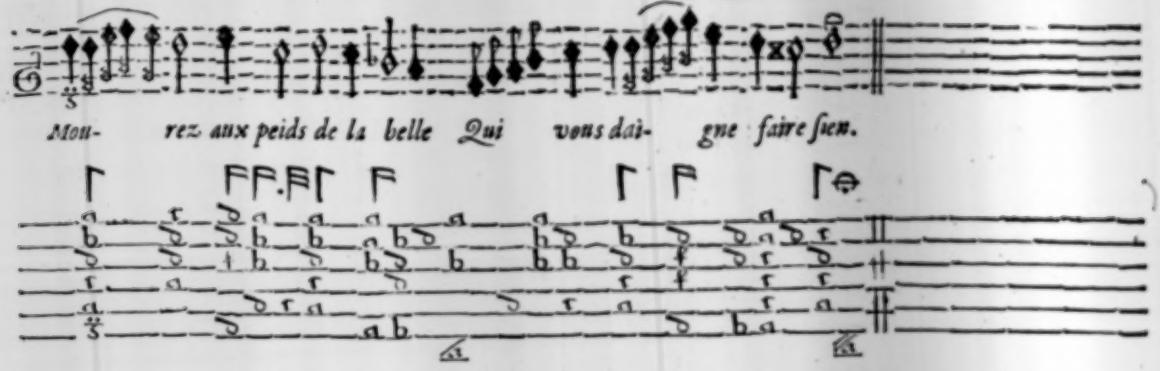
Ainſi donc combatant le mal qui me poſſede
Sans voir par ces moyens ſes tempeſtes calmer,
Ie me vay conſommant dans mon propre remede
Comme vn Vaiſſeau qui bruſle au milieu de la Mer.

Voilà comme en viuant en toute ſeruitude
Ie nourris vn penſer dont l'impiteux effort,
Se monſtre en mon endroit ſi plain d'ingratitude,
Qu'en luy donnant la vie il me donne la mort.

D'incerto. XII. BASSO.





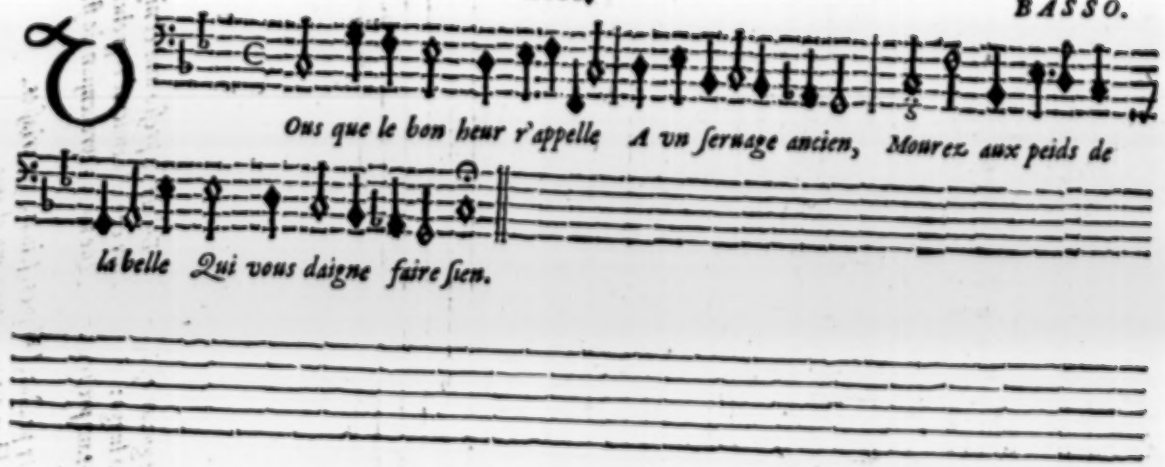


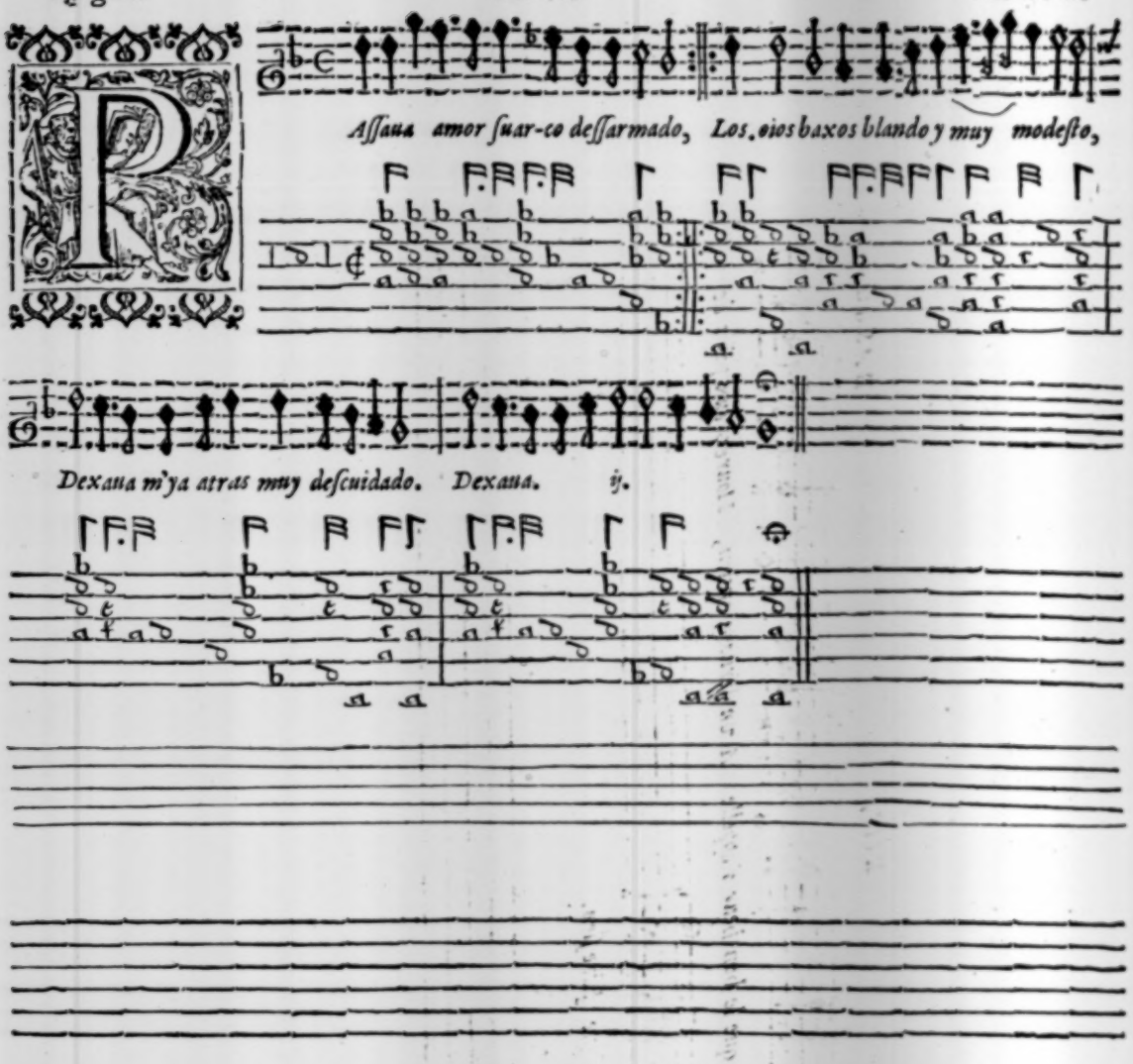
Glorieuſe en voſtre perte
Honorez voſtre vainqueur,
Qui vous a la porte ouuerte
De la priſon de ſon cœur.

Heureux venez vous donc rendre
A celle qui vous a pris,
C'eſt honneur de ce voir prendre
A qui tient tout à meſpris.

Ainſi voſtre ame repriſe,
Finis toute liberté:
Glorieuſe eſt l'enterpriſe
Qui guide à l'eternité.

D'incerti. XIII. BASSO.



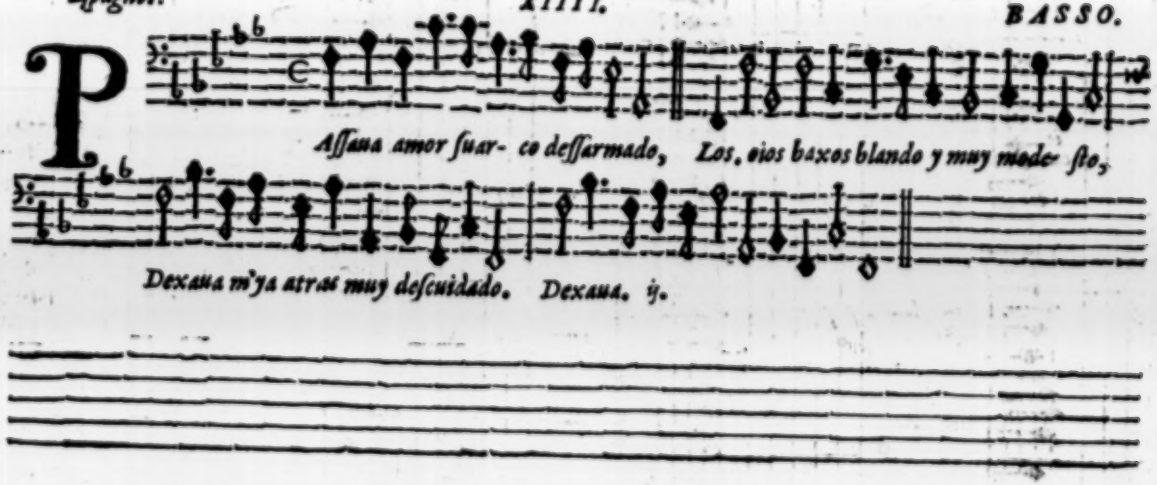


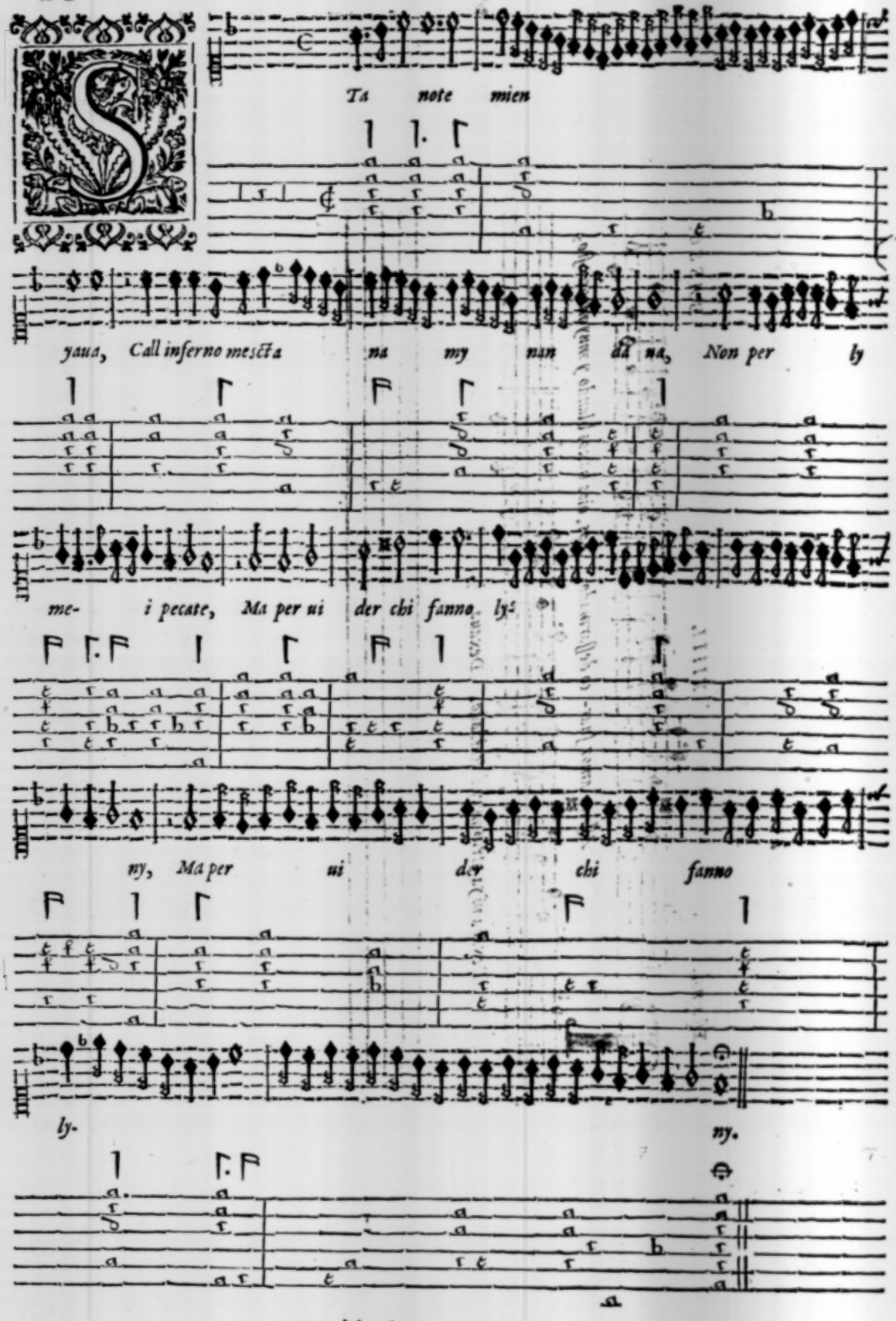
Quam poco eſpacio pude gozar eſto,
Fortuna deembidioſa dixo luego:
Teneos amor porque vays tam preſto.

Boluio de preſto ami el nigno ciego,
Muy eneiado enuerſé reprehendido
Que no ay reprehenſion do ſta ſuſuego.

Ay prados, boſques, ſeluas, que criaſtes,
Tan libre coracon como ero el mio
Porque tan graue mal no te eſtoruaſtes.

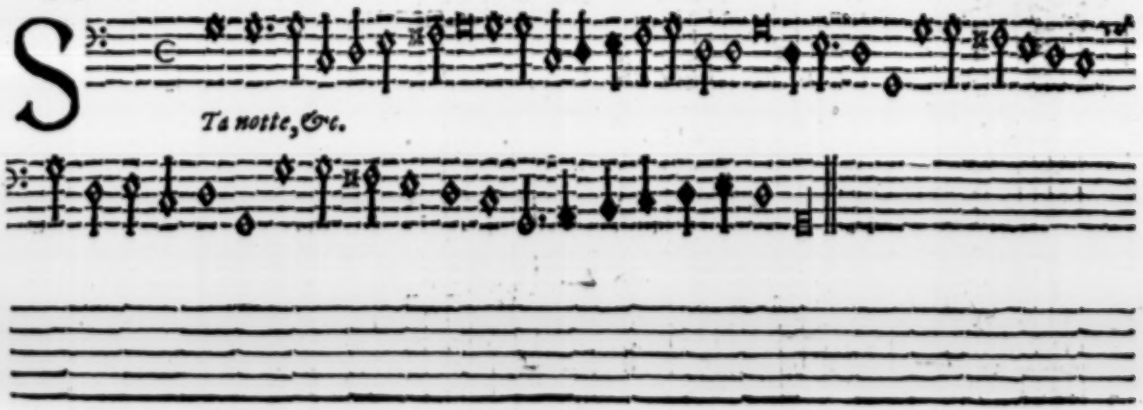
Espagnol. XIIII. BASSO.

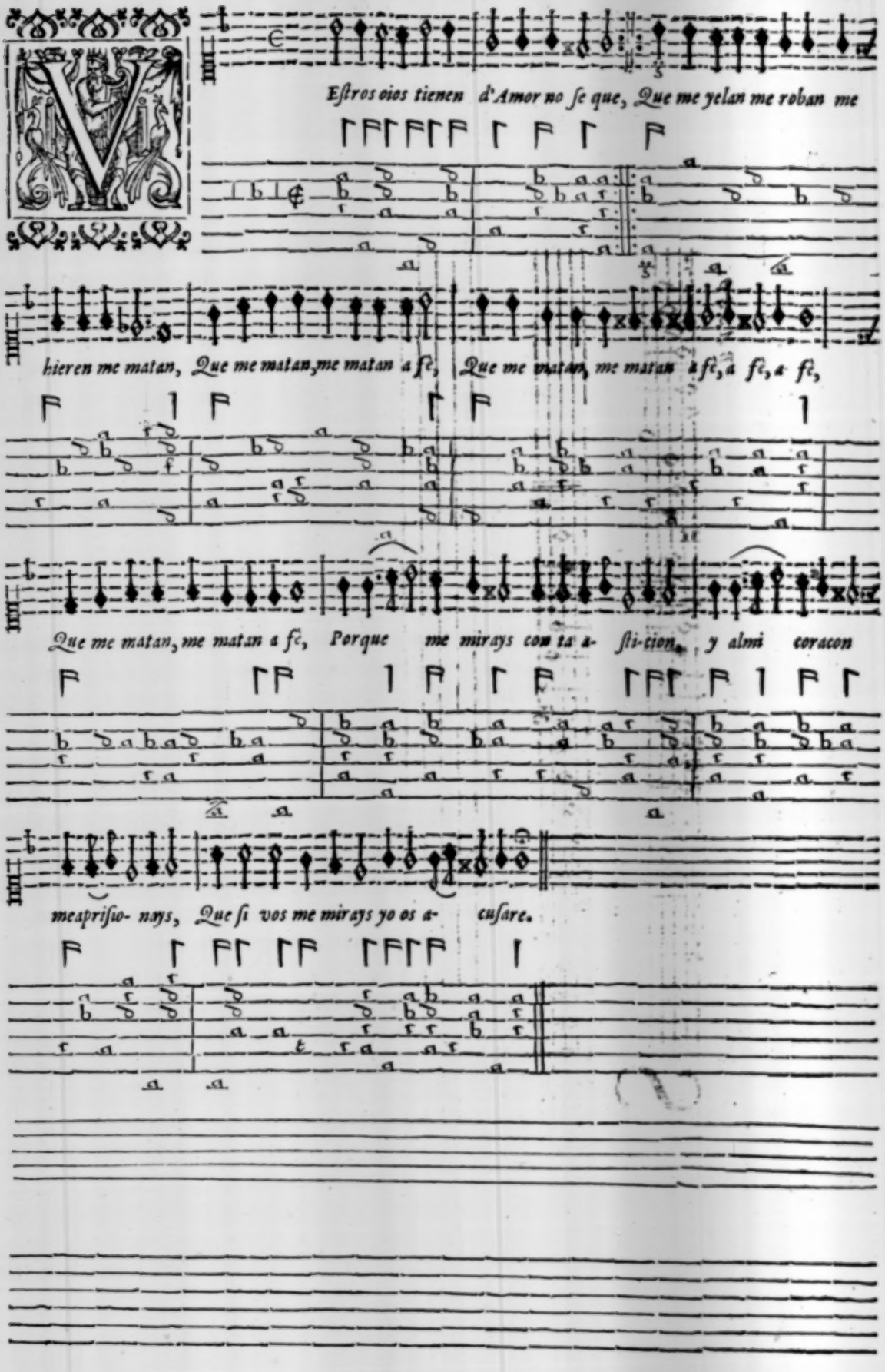


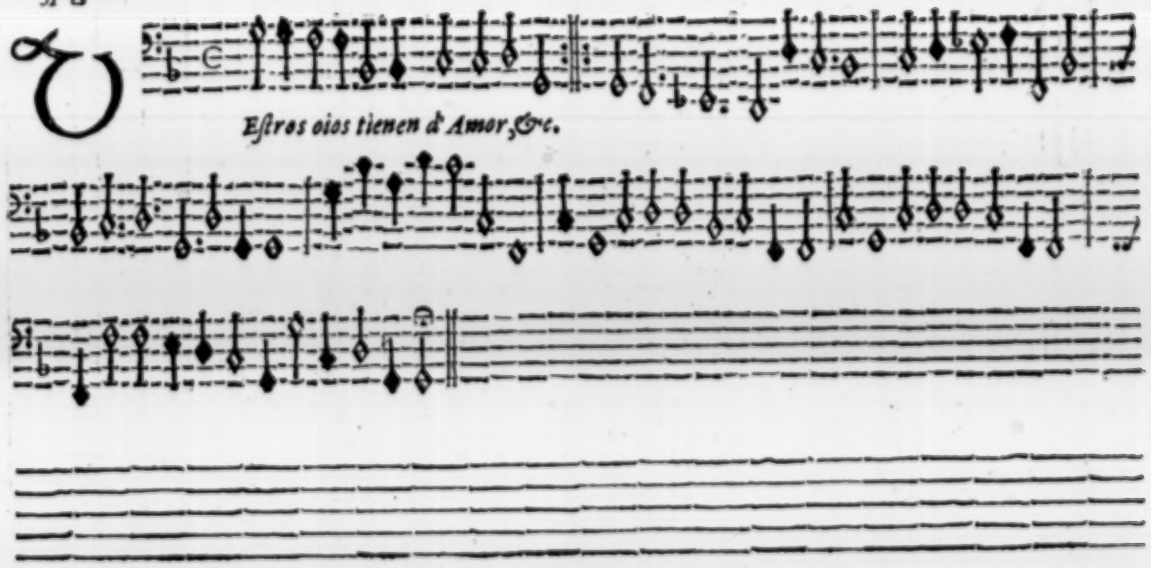


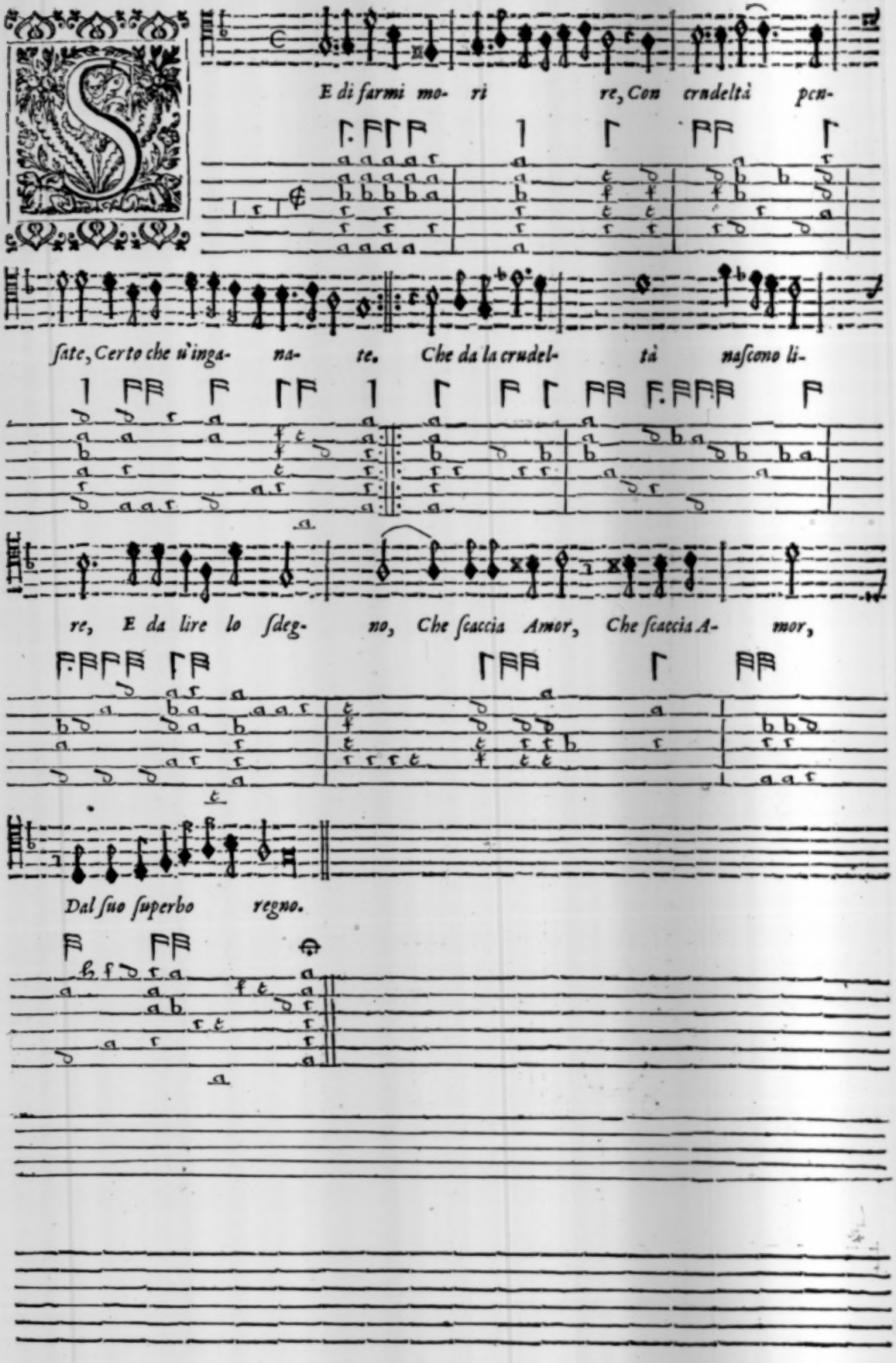
Standola mi pareua
Chi nel medso Plutone ses sedeua
Tra qui Spiriti infernali
Chi donno balma tanti stragi mali.

Espagnol. *XV.* *BASSO.*

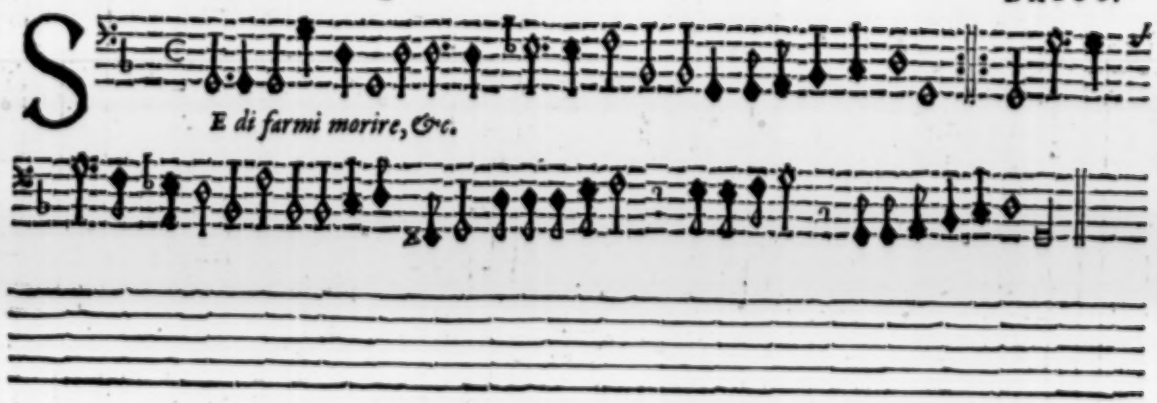


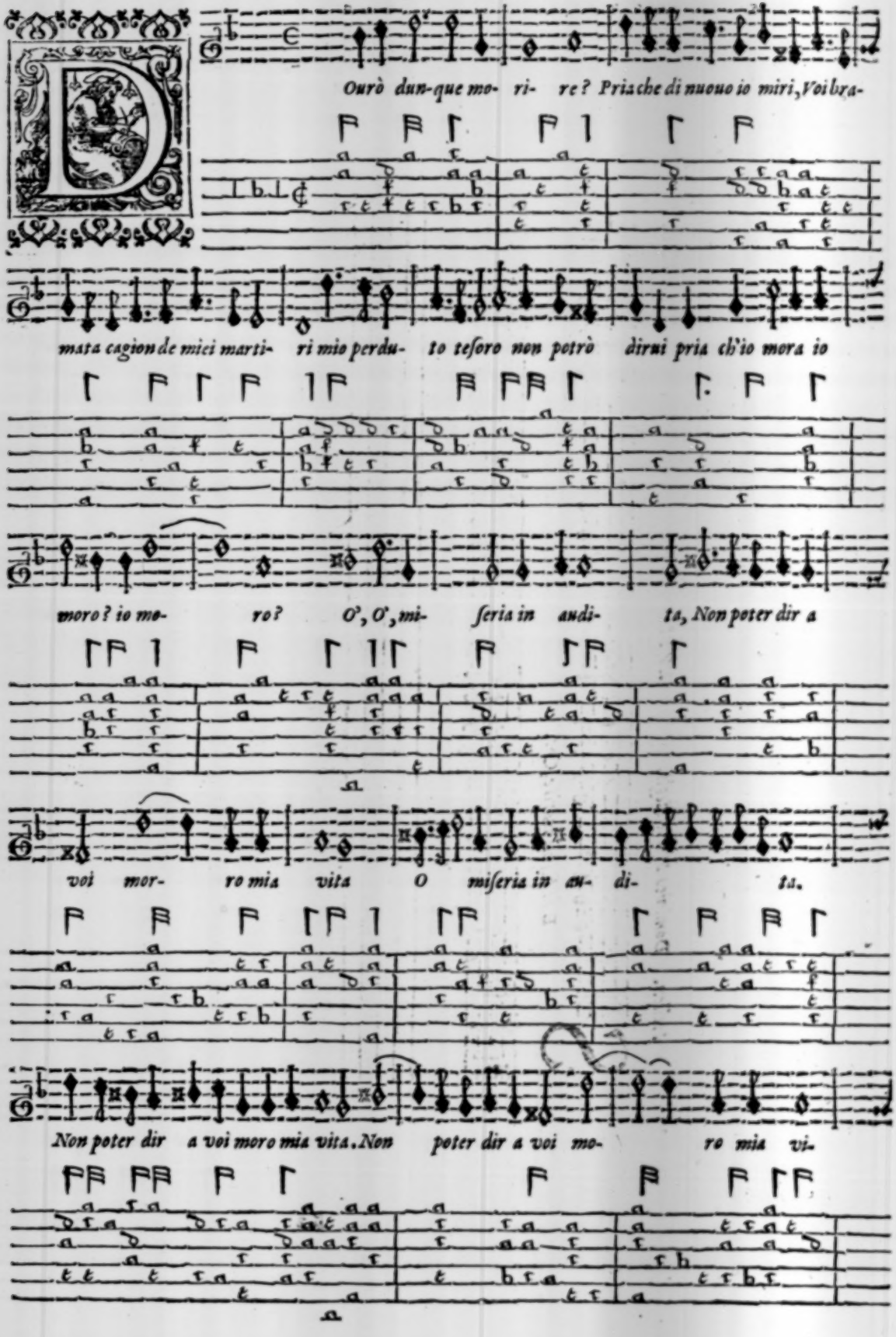

Eſtros oios tienen d'Amor no ſe que, Que me yelan me roban me
hieren me matan, Que me matan, me matan a ſe, Que me matan, me matan a ſe, a ſe, a ſe,
Que me matan, me matan a ſe, Porque me mirays con ta a- ſti-cion, y almi coracon
meapriſio- nays, Que ſi vos me mirays yo os a- cuſare.

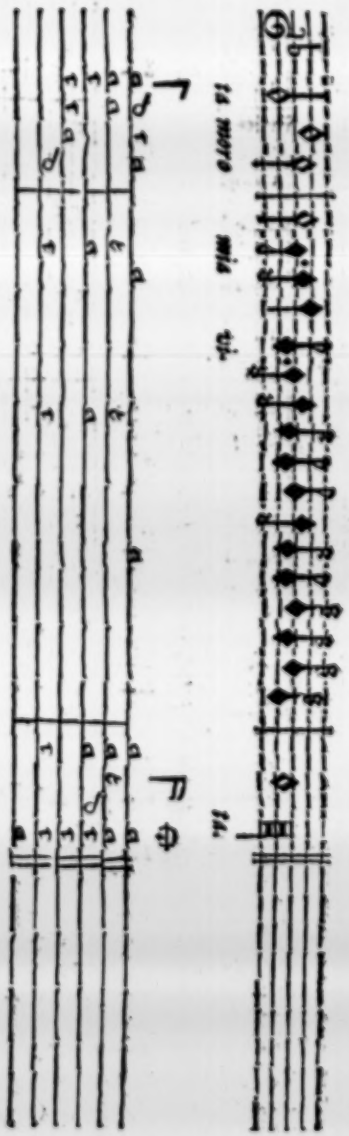

Eſtros oios tienen d' Amor, &c.


E di farmi mo- ri re, Con crudeltà pcn-
ſate, Certo che u'inga- na- te. Che da la crudel- tà naſcono li-
re, E da lire lo ſdeg- no, Che ſcaccia Amor, Che ſcaccia A- mor,
Dal ſuo ſuperbo regno.

Italien. Dominico Maria Megli. *XVII.* *BASSO.*



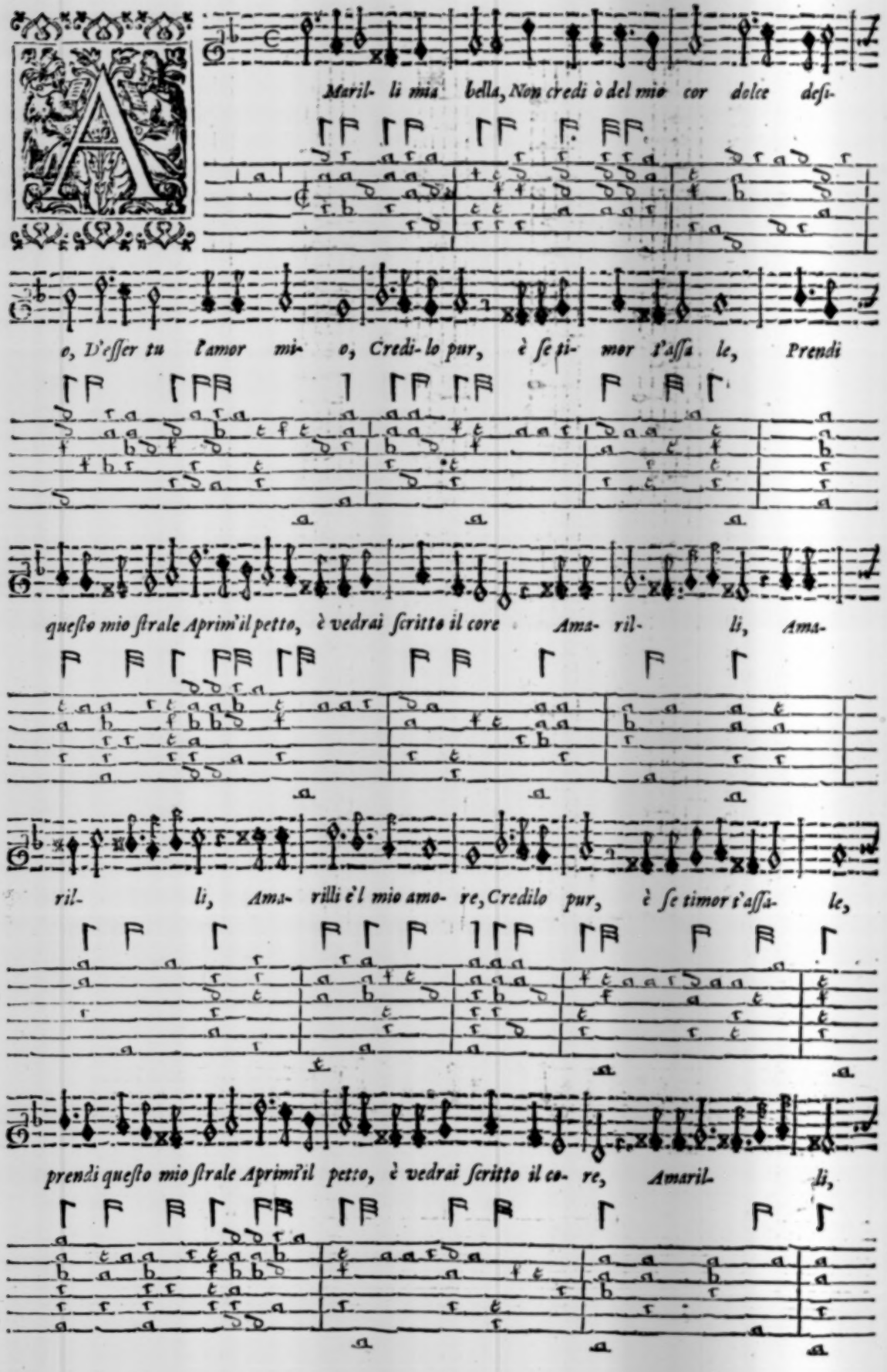

Ourò dun-que mo- ri- re? Priache di nuouo io miri, Voi bra-
mata cagion de mici marti- ri mio perdu- to teſoro non potrò dirui pria ch'io mora io
moro? io mo- ro? O', O', mi- ſeria in audi- ta, Non poter dir a
voi mor- ro mia vita O miſeria in au- di- ta.
Non poter dir a voi moro mia vita. Non poter dir a voi mo- ro mia vi-



Italien. *Giulio Caccini detto Romano.* *XVIII.* *BASSO.*

D

Ourò dunque morire?

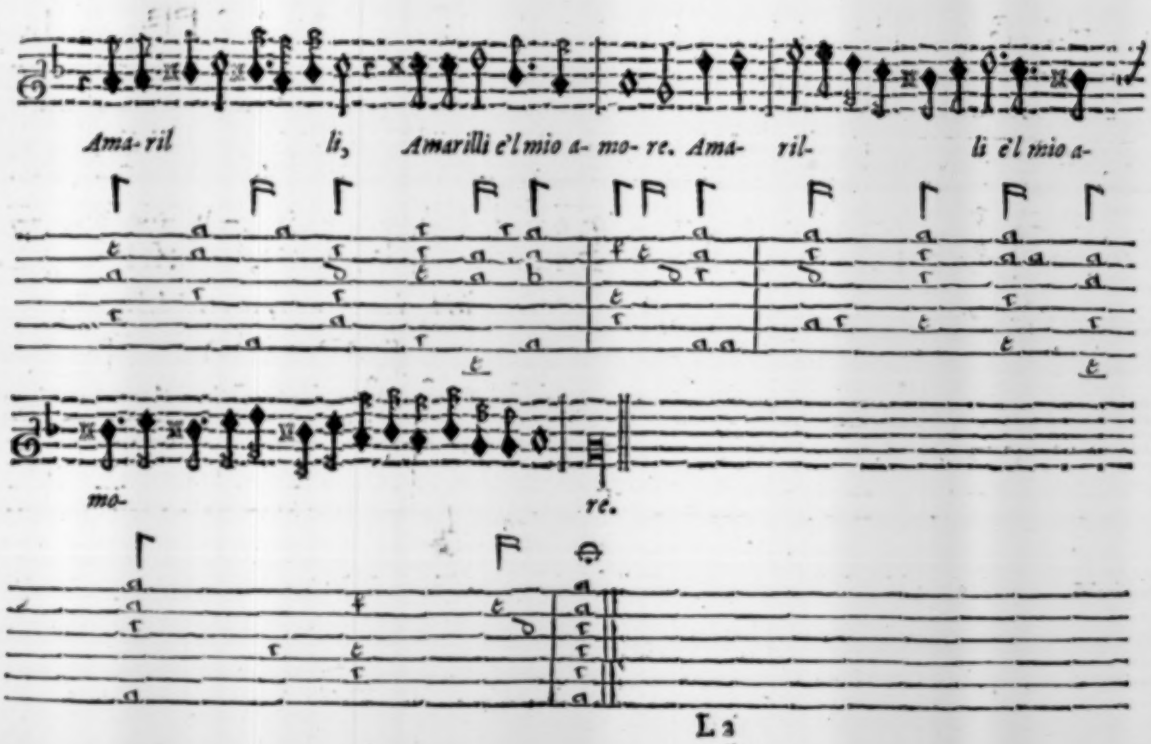

Maril- li mia bella, Non credi ò del mio cor dolce deſi-
o, D'eſſer tu l'amor mi- o, Credi-lo pur, è ſe ti- mor t'aſſa le, Prendi
queſto mio ſtrale Aprim'il petto, è vedrai ſcritto il core Ama- ril- li, Ama-
ril- li, Ama- rilli e'l mio amo- re, Credilo pur, è ſe timor t'aſſa- le,
prendi queſto mio ſtrale Aprimi'il petto, è vedrai ſcritto il co- re, Amaril- li,

BASSO.

XIX.

Giulio Caccini detto Romano.

A, Marilli mia bella, &c.



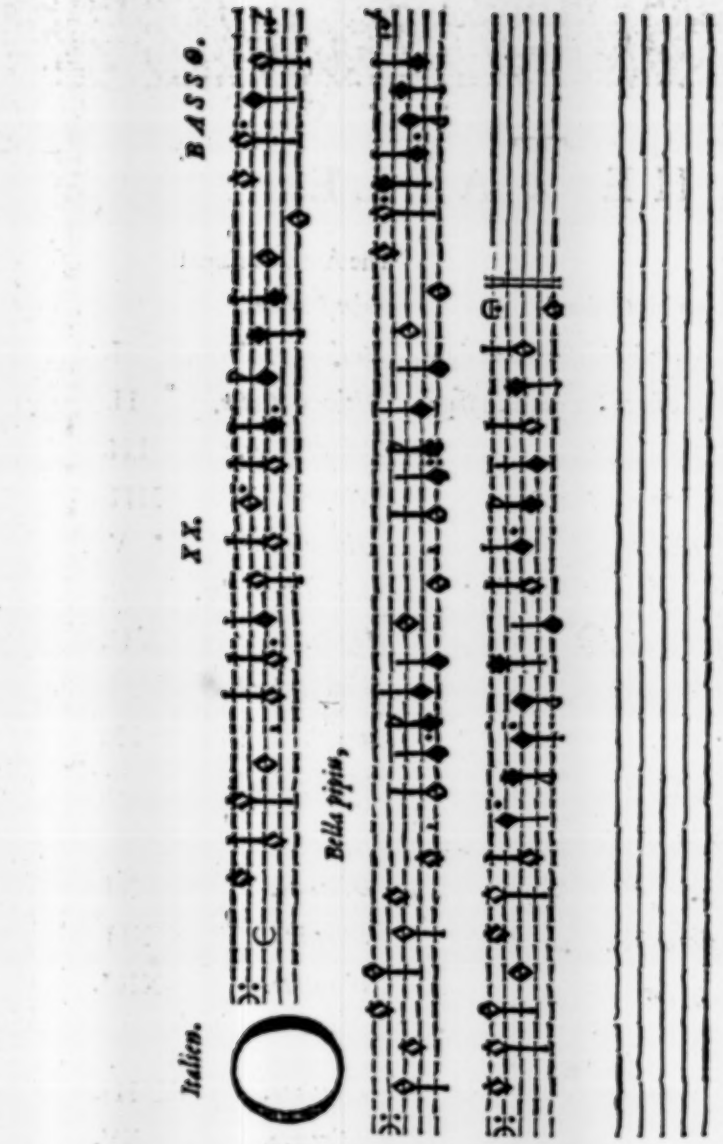
Bella pipin, O bella piu che la ſtella Di- a- na,

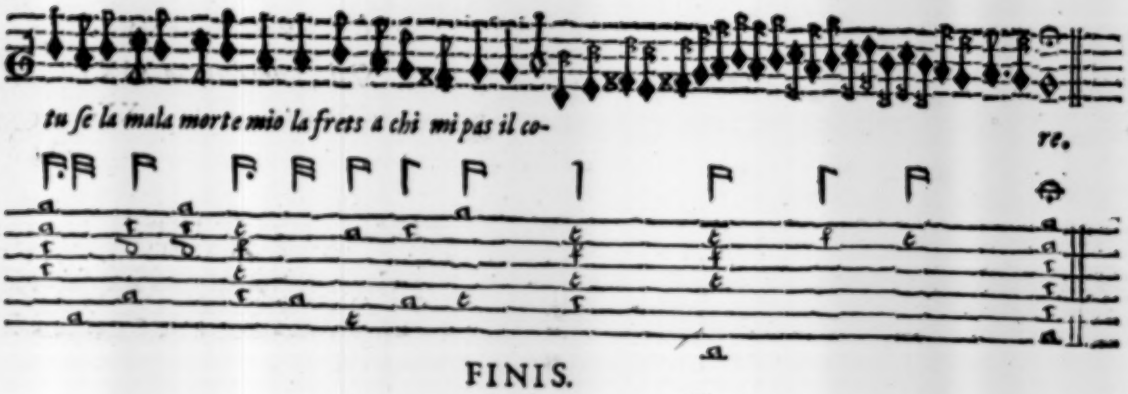
Chi parinanſi de la mia patro- na, mi regina, dolce mia

mo- re, pieta, cor mia pieta, non piu dolore bene mio caro,

Core mio bella, bella, tu ſe la mala morte mio la frets a chi mi pas il core, pieta, cor mia pie- ta,

non piu do- lore bene mio caro core mio bella, bella,


BASSO.
XX.
Italien.
Bella pipin,


tu se la mala morte mio la frets a chi mi pas il co-
re.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

	The Authors names.	
SYR *Robert Sidney* his Galliard.	*Iohn Douland.*	
My heauy ſprit oppreſt with ſorrows might.	*Anthony Holborne.*	I.
Change thy minde ſince ſhe doth change.	*Richard Martin.*	II.
O Eyes leaue off your weeping.	*Robert Hales.*	III.
Goe my flocke, get you hence.	*D'incerto.*	IIII.
O deere life when ſhall it be.	*D'incerto.*	V.
To plead my faith where faith hath no reward.	*Daniell Batchelar.*	VI.
In a Groue moſt rich of ſhade.	*Teſſeir.*	VII.
Farre from triumphing Court.	*Iohn Douland.*	VIII.
Lady if you ſo ſpight mee.	*Iohn Douland.*	IX.
In darkneſſe let me dwell.	*Iohn Douland.*	X.
French Aires.		
Si le parler & le ſilence.	*D'incerto.*	XI.
Ce penſer qui ſans fin tiranniſe ma vie.	*D'incerto.*	XII.
Vous que le bon heur r'appelle.	*D'incerto.*	XIII.
Spaniſh.		
Paſſaua amor ſuarco deſſarmado.	*D'incerto.*	XIIII.
Sta notte mien yaua.	*D'incerto.*	XV.
Veſtros oios tienen d' Amor.	*D'incerto.*	XVI.
Italian.		
Se di farmi morire.	*Dom. Maria Megli.*	XVII.
Dourò dunque morire?	*Gui. Caccini det. Ro.*	XVIII
Amarilli mia bella.	*Gui. Caccini detto Ro.*	XIX.
O bella pipiu.	*D'incerto.*	XX.

FINIS.

M3 1495
Dowland, Robert